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NEW YORK TABLET

A FAMILY JOURNAL.

VOL. I. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1858. NO. 50.

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MAUREEN DHU,

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER XV.

Mrs. Fitzstephen's elegant parlor was a scene altogether new and strange to Maureen O'Hara, and during the few moments that she was obliged to wait, she was busily occupied taking notes of what she saw. The approaching interviews she looked forward to with anything but pleasure, having a very natural dread of the presence of "a lady." It may here be premised that in Ireland, as in all the other old countries, ladies are by no means so common as they are on this western side of the Atlantic. There certain properties are required to constitute a *lady*; for instance, birth and breeding, with the accident of *fortune*—the latter, in Ireland especially, is not absolutely necessary, but the two former are, to a certain extent, and one of them, viz.: breeding or education, is so essential to the character that, failing it, the other two are comparatively valueless. The term, indeed, in those older countries, has a signification—a positive meaning—which in this New World is wholly lost sight of, and the consequence is that it is here falling into disuse and the general term *woman* applied as more honorable and more distinctive.*

To Maureen's simple mind, then, "a lady" was a great personage, placed at an awful distance above her in the social scale, and, moreover, she had early imbibed so exalted an idea of the Fitzstephen elevation generally that each member of the family was surrounded with an halo of dignity. Being introduced to the interior of their dwelling in nowise lessened, but rather increased this feeling, and it was, therefore, with a sort of mysterious awe that the young Claddagh girl awaited the entrance of Mrs. Fitzstephen. When she did make her appearance there was something so affable, so free and easy, as it were, in her demeanor that a very few minutes sufficed to restore to Maureen a portion of that modest and yet firm self-reliance which was natural to her.

In the short conversation which took place, an unforeseen difficulty arose. Neither spoke enough of the other's language to convey or receive much information. The advantage was on the side of Maureen, who knew more of the English tongue than Mrs. Fitzstephen did of hers.

"I understand you have got a cross," said the lady, going right into the subject, "which was given your grandmother by a Spanish gentleman."

"I have the cross, ma'am!—you like to see it—to see if you know it!"

Maureen drew the relic from her bosom, and snapping asunder the black cord on which it hung, handed it to Mrs. Fitzstephen who at sight of it turned pale and her hand trembled as she took it.

"Ah! my God!" she sighed as she sank on a seat with her eyes fixed on the little silver crucifix, a curious specimen of antique workmanship; "ah, my God! it is indeed the same! his heart must have been overflowing with gratitude when he gave that, for I know—I know he valued it highly. Ah Juan! friend! companion of my happy youth! never, never forgotten! why did I not know that you were so near me—sick, lonely and deserted!—oh! that I had but known—even Arnold Fitzstephen could not have objected—for shame he could not—to my ministering to you then?" She had forgotten for a moment the presence of Maureen, till a slight noise made by the latter caused her to start, and then, checking by a sudden effort the tears which were falling thick and fast from her eyes, she said without raising her eyes:

"Girl! this belonged to a dear friend of mine—will you sell it?"

"No, ma'am!" said Maureen with a hauteur that made the lady glance towards her in surprise, "no, ma'am! I give it to you, but not for money—it was *given* to us, we wouldn't *sell* it."

"Do you mean to say, my girl! that you will make me a present of it?"

"Yes, ma'am, my granny said so and I'm willing."

"Well really I am at a loss how to thank you. It is a thing I could not expect from strangers. I am deeply sensible of your kindness, and would wish to do something in return, if possible!"

"Oh ma'am!" said Maureen with a smile, "the Claddagh people have a liking for you all—Mr. Fitzstephen is a good friend to the Claddagh. We can't do much, but we know our friends. I'll be goin', if you please, ma'am, for it 'll be dark very soon."

"But, Maureen!" said Mrs. Fitzstephen, rising with difficulty from her seat, "is there nothing I can do for you—nothing at all?—I want to do something, if you'll only allow me."

"There is something, ma'am! but I'm afeard it's too much to ask!"

"Tell me, my child! what it is!—fear not to ask, for I promise beforehand to grant your request."

"Well, ma'am! said Maureen, "somebody tell my granny about a picture—a picture of him that gave the cross—and——"

"And what?"

"I'd like to see it—if it was pleasin'," said Maureen timidly.

"And is that all? Certainly, child, you shall see it. Come with me, but mind you make as little noise as you can going up stairs."

At the bottom of the wide staircase Maureen stopped and was for taking off her shoes. She never could go up with such shoes, she said. Mrs. Fitzstephen was in no laughing mood and yet she could hardly keep from smiling. But still she did preserve her gravity, and succeeded in convincing Maureen that it was very necessary for her to wipe her feet on the mat. She then conducted her to the drawing-room, and having pointed out Juan's picture, whispered that she would leave her alone for a few minutes.

"The few minutes, as it happened, turned out to be a full half hour, or more, but Maureen did not mind the lapse of time, for if the parlor had excited her admiration, the drawing-room filled her with amazement. Her imagination had never conceived anything so grand, so beautiful as the scene around her, and as she gazed on the rich furniture, the countless ornaments of taste and value, the gorgeous colors of the Persian carpet, the graceful drapery of the windows, and all the rare trifles which go to make up the decorations of a modern drawing-room, she almost believed herself transported to another world—such a world as little Nanno used to dream of. At last her eye returned to the Spanish portrait, and her lips parted with a bright smile, and her dark eyes beamed with sportive animation, as it were, reflecting the character of the sunny face on the canvass.

"Well! I'm sure it's no wonder she loved him—that Miss Ellie!" she said within herself, "Miss Ellie, indeed!—sure I partly guessed who it was all along—avoch! avoch! wasn't he mighty pleasant an' well-favored!—I'm thinkin', Master Spaniard, your purty face was always as bright as that—bad manners to them eyes of yours, but they'd make me laugh whether I would or no!"

Having given sufficient attention to the picture which she had been so anxious to get sight of, Maureen moved stealthily on—as though fearful of detection—to another portrait and then to another, making her comments on each, sometimes half audibly, till at length she reached that of Arnold Fitzstephen, and there she stopped. A sudden change came over her beautiful features—a glow, as it were, of glad surprise; she clasped her hands together and stood looking up into the pictured face with a dreamy, thoughtful air that was neither sad nor joyful though it partook of both. The light was, by this time, waxing faint, giving a shadowy, misty look to the dark face on the canvass, and Maureen felt as though the eyes were animated, yet she shrank not from their cold, fixed stare. Like the basilisk that picture attracted her she knew not why, and though her cheek lost its rich hue, and her lustrous eyes grew dim and glassy, still she looked on.

All at once she started, blushed, and trembled; between her and the portrait glided the living form of Giles Fitzstephen, his fine face radiant with smiles and his hand outstretched to greet Maureen. Almost mechanically she gave him her hand, though it was withdrawn almost as soon as given.

"I don't believe I ought to shake hands with *you* here," he said, "when you have more than once refused to shake hands with *me* in the Claddagh. I see you are surprised by my sudden appearance—I have no time now to explain it, for my mother will be here in a few minutes. Tell me only, Maureen! why I found you gazing so earnestly on that picture—my father's?"

"Your father's," Maureen repeated slowly, her eyes again rivetted on the picture, "so it's your father's, sir!—well! I don't know—there's something in that face that I like to look at. Oh yes! I could look at that for hours!"

Fitzstephen turned for a moment to the window before he spoke again, and when he did speak his voice was low and tremulous. "And what is there in that face to attract one so young, so full of life? It is a dark face, Maureen! dark, and stern, and cold, there is passion there," he added in a still lower tone as if to himself, "but *you* cannot see it, Maureen! why do you like that picture more than the others?"

"Well! I can't tell you that, sir!—maybe it's because I'm fond of the dark lonesome night, and the storm, and the thunder,—I like them better than what's bright an' sunny. But that's a fine picture all out!—wisha, Mister Fitzstephen! wasn't your father mighty like yourself!"

"Or rather *I'm* mightly like my father," said Fitzstephen with that smile which gave such a singular charm to his countenance, "but never mind the picture now, Maureen! I wanted to speak to you for the last time about the fishery. You think there is no hope of our succeeding?"

At the same time he took a seat near a window, and motioned for Maureen to take one at some distance. Maureen, however, remained standing, being unwilling to sit in such a place and in such a presence. She also moved nearer the door, so that in the deepening twilight, her figure alone was visible.

"Well! I don't know, your honor!—there's some of them beginnin' to come round a little, an' them we thought the worst, too."

"Why, how is that, Maureen?" Does your father begin to hear reason?"

"Oh no! sir, my father's just the same as ever—you know he forbid me ever to speak to him again about it, so I daren't do it after that—oh! no, sir, it's Shan Driscoll I mean!"

Fitzstephen started to his feet. "Shan Driscoll!" he exclaimed, "can it be possible?—and pray, Maureen, how did you bring *him* round, him of all people?"

"Well! sir, it wasn't me that brought him round, at all, only when he seen me so eager for it he began to soften a bit—poor Shan did, sir! an' he said—he said—" she paused, fingered at her shawl, and looked down, although she need not have done so, for there was hardly a gleam of light remaining.

"Go on!" said Fitzstephen in an imperious tone, "what *did* he say?"

"I'm not goin' to tell you now, Mister Fitzstephen!" said Maureen proudly, "what right have you to order me that way?"

Before any answer could be returned, the door was flung open and Mrs. Fitzstephen entered with a lighted candle in her hand with which she lit an astral lamp on the centre table. The light flashed full on Maureen's face and figure, but the other occupant of the room was still in shade.

"My poor child!" said she, "how cruel it was of me to forget you so long—it is true it is only about twenty minutes or so, but still you being all alone, and standing, too!—bless me, Maureen! why did you not sit down?"

"She was not alone *all* the time, madam," said Fitzstephen laughing, "every one is not so forgetful as *you*."

Mrs. Fitzstephen started at the sound of her son's voice: "Why, Giles, you do astonish me," she said, turning towards him, "I am sure I had no idea when I told you who was in the drawing-room that you were going in. You said you were in a great hurry to join the girls!"

"Well! you see I changed my mind—on second thoughts I came to the conclusion that I would see Maureen before she left in order to ascertain how the admiral's pulse beats."

His mother looked him steadily in the face for a moment, but there was nothing there that could at all tend to strengthen her suspicion, "if suspicion she had. Calm and self-possessed was Giles Fitzstephen as he returned his mother's fixed gaze, and it was with a feeling of relief that the lady turned to Maureen, who had been a silent observer of the scene which she was, however, very far from understanding.

"Maureen! my good girl!" said Mrs. Fitzstephen, "you have conferred a favor on me which I can never, never forget. You have refused money in lieu of what you gave me—*can* I do nothing for you?"

"Nothing at all, ma'am," said Maureen quickly, "thanks be to God we want for nothing. But I think it's time I was makin' my way home."

Mrs. Fitzstephen requested her to wait a moment, and going over to her son asked him in a low voice what she ought to do. "Do you think," said she, "the girl would like to be employed about the house. Margaret and Char-

* In Ireland or any other European country you would never hear of "the lady next door who takes in washing," "the young lady who does the chamber-work," or "the gentleman round the corner who mends boots."

lotte could teach her a great many useful things, and she could just wait on them. I should think such a situation would be very pleasant for her."

"For your life, mother, don't hint at service to her!" said Fitzstephen eagerly, in the same low tone, "you don't know how proud these people are, and Maureen—oh mother! look at her—did nature intend that girl for a servant!—no! no! the fire of intelligence is in her eyes—stately she is, and no wonder, for she has all her young life ruled as a queen—knowledge she must have, but not here—not to this house, mother, shall she ever come as a servant!" Then changing his tone, he added with a smile, "I should not like to hear you mention such a thing to her father or grandmother."

"Well, upon my word, Giles, you speak strangely——"

"Maureen," interrupted Fitzstephen, raising his voice to its natural pitch, "Maureen is my accredited agent in the Claddagh—everything there would go wrong without her."

"Well, child, you may go, now," said Mrs. Fitzstephen coldly, but are you not afraid to go home alone?"

"No, ma'am, not the least, but anyhow, my granny's to meet me at Noddy Kinshela's. Good night, ma'am!" and she dropped a low curtsey. "A good night to you, Mister Fitzstephen!"

"Good night, Maureen! but how do you think you are going to get out? I suppose, mother, you don't want any of the servants to see your visitor."

A freezing negative was the answer, but Mrs. Fitzstephen motioning for her son to remain behind, conducted Maureen herself to the hall-door, and telling her to come some other time and see her, she let her out into the street. Returning to the drawing-room, fully determined to have some serious talk with her son, she was much surprised to find him already gone. Leaving her to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" in the luxurious solitude of her own chamber, we will, with the reader's leave, follow Maureen.

Her thoughts as she left the Fitzstephen mansion were anything but pleasant. She had noticed, and now keenly felt the coldness displayed by Mrs. Fizstephen during the latter part of their interview, and could not help contrasting it with the kindly warmth of her previous demeanor. Unable otherwise to account for the sudden change she was forced to believe it owing to something which Mr. Fitzstephen had said, and she was just thinking with a burning cheek: "It's long then before *I'd* say anything again *him*," when Fitzstephen himself was at her side.

"Maureen!" said he, in a low, hurried tone, that was, however, both deep and earnest, "Maureen! I want to know what it was that Shan Driscoll said—tell me quickly, for I cannot be seen with you here—don't refuse me now, Maureen!"

"Well, I won't refuse you, sir, when you ask me as you ought—he said if I'd consent to—to——"

"To what, Maureen?"

"To marry him, your honor, that he'd take to the trawling himself, and he'd engage he'd soon get my father and the rest to do the same."

"Ha! I thought so—and what—what did you say, Maureen! Of course, you consented, and—and we are to have it all our own way—is it not so, Maureen?"

"Well! I don't know that it is, sir!—but still then my father's at me, too——"

"And your grandmother—a host in herself—eh?"

"No, no, sir, my granny's all for Brian Kineely—she says my mother's ring 'ill never go on my finger, if I take any one else—I'm sure," she added with touching sincerity, "it's not easy for me to please them all——"

"And yourself at the same time," said the deep, low voice at her side.

"Oh! as to myself, your honor, it isn't much matter—but arn't you glad to hear, sir, that Shan's comin' round—before now, he'd a'most knock one down that 'id speak of trawling."

"Maureen!" said Fitzstephen, "stop one moment!" for they had just reached Noddy's dilapidated dwelling, "will you do one thing for me?"

"I don't know, your honor, until I hear what it is."

"Will you just drop this trawling business altogether, never say another word about it to any one?"

Maureen turned her face towards him, and endeavored, as well as the dim starlight would permit, to read his countenance. As that was impracticable, she merely replied:

"If you wish it, I will, sir, but I thought you were bent on it."

"So I am, Maureen!" He stepped through the ruined doorway into the court, and the girl mechanically followed. Once screened by the walls from the observation of the passers-by, Fitzstephen resumed: "I have made up my mind to wait no longer."

"And how will you mend yourself, sir?" said Maureen with sudden animation.

"It would be no use to tell you now, Maureen. It might only bring blame on you hereafter, if you knew it beforehand. I'll only say another word before I go. The Claddagh men are obstinate, Maureen, when even *you* could not move them, but they shall find others as obstinate as themselves, and so you may tell them from me. I will do them good against their will, and they shall thank me in days to come. Farewell, Maureen! we meet no more as we have met—such underhand doings, longer continued, would not serve either of us."

"Mr. Fitzstephen!" said Maureen earnestly, and for the first time in her life she laid her hand on his arm, evidently forgetful of what she was doing, "Mr. Fitzstephen! take the advice of one who wishes you well—don't meddle with the Claddagh men! don't an' you'll have *my* blessing!"

Fitzstephen took hold very gently of the hand that rested on his arm, and pressed it between his own. For a moment it seemed as if he were about to set Maureen's mind at ease, but the struggle was only momentary, and dropping her hand as it were coldly, he said in a low but determined tone:

"It cannot be, Maureen!—fare you well! I owe you many thanks for all your trouble, and although it has proved unsuccessful, I thank you none the less."

He was gone before Maureen could utter the cutting retort that rose to her lips, but she muttered it to herself as she stood looking after his retiring form:

"So you're all alike, you gentlefolk. Kind mother for you to make light of anything that's done for you. You'll turn on the boys, will you?—ha! ha! you'll get the worst of it, if you do—that's one comfort! I'm sure it's well rid I am of you, appearin' to me like a ghost every time I went out after nightfall!—there's more than me will be well pleased, I'm thinking!"

With a heart full of mingled emotions which she could not, herself, have analyzed, Maureen raised the latch of "Noddy's Castle" with a tolerably composed "God save all here!" which was promptly responded to by the hostess.

"Why what in the wide world kept you so long, Maureen?" said her grandmother, sharply, "I was afeard something happened you."

Noddy said nothing, but she looked significantly at Maureen as though *she* could have answered if she would. Maureen's reply amazed them both.

"I'll tell you what it is now, granny," said she, "if you ever want a message sent to them quality you can go yourself, or send Noddy that has such a liking for them. My heart's sick of them, so it is!"

The two old women looked at each other in mute surprise. Noddy, especially, could hardly believe her ears. "Why, Maureen, in the name o' goodness, what's wrong with you?"

"Oh, then, sorra thing's wrong with me," said Maureen with a strange hysterical laugh, "only that I don't like the ways of your grand friends, an' I'll have nothing more to do with them."

"Did you see Mrs. Fitzstephen?" asked her grandmother, anxious, if possible, to get at the cause of the girl's nervous excitement.

"See her! to be sure I did, an' I gave her the cross, an' she made ever so much to do about *it*, but mighty little about me. I asked her to let me see the picture, an' she takes me up to a great grand room on the loft above, an' well becomes her she leaves me there all alone an' goes off with herself somewhere, an' sorra sight I seen of her for as good as half an hour, an' it dark night on the ground."

"Well?"

"Well, Mr. Fitzstephen came in while she was gone, an' he took a start out of myself only I didn't let him see that I was frightened, an' he got a questionin' me about things, an' when his mother came back with a light, she said she forgot all about me, but when she seen her son there, my dears! she was ever so angry with him, an' she could scarce afford myself a civil word, an' I declare I thought I'd never get my heels out o' the house—so I came off an' left them——"

She paused and hesitated, then went to the door and looked out, and asked her grandmother if they hadn't best be moving home.

"Time enough, astore! time enough—so you left them there, and that's all?"

"No! it wasn't all!—Mr. Fitzstephen overtook me before I was far from the house, an was with me to the door——"

Vara started to her feet, and a lurid light shot from her eyes: "Ha! I knew it!" said she—"I knew it all along. But he had best keep his distance for the time to come, or I'll—I'll raise the town about him."

"Granny!" said Maureen coldly, "don't put yourself in a passion about nothing at all. Mr. Fitzstephen was about his own business every time he came after me, an' to-night it was just the same. But the business is all a one-side now—at least he says so—an' so I may tell you before Noddy Kinshela. He was all along wantin' me to coax my father an' the boys to try the trawlin'—he said if they would they'd soon be rich themselves an' serve *him* well too. Now, granny! there's the whole of it."

"Well! I partly suspected *that*, Maureen!" said the old woman considerably cooled down, "but will you put your hand on your heart now, and say again that that was all that ever passed between you?"

Noddy moved silently from her seat near the fire and stationed herself a little behind Vara where she had a full view of Maureen's face. It was pale, but calm and composed, and the beautiful eyes steadily encountered the double scrutiny that pierced to their very depths.

"I'll tell you again, granny! that Mr. Fitzstephen never spoke to me about anything but what I tell you—at least he never said anything that—that I could take ill."

"Well! well, child! I never knew you to say what wasn't true, but I'm glad there's goin' to be no more of such work, an' while you live again, achora machree! never listen to the likes of *him* in private. I'm old and you're young, Maureen, an' I tell you no good can come of the like——"

A heavy sigh from Noddy smote on Maureen's ear, and great was the girl's surprise to see her old friend's eyes suffused with tears.

"Why, my goodness, Noddy! what's the matter with you?" she said gaily; "I thought you were goin' to give us a cup of tea before we start, but I think you're forgettin' all about it."

But Noddy was not oblivious of the tea which was already in a state of preparation, and although Vara was unwilling to wait, she could not get over Maureen's wild gaiety, and her laughing determination to have a cup of Noddy's tea before she went. "Sure we'll drink Brian's health in it, granny!" she added with an arch smile that, together with the gracious words, delighted her admiring duenna.

"Ah! then, that's true," said Vara, "did I tell you, Maureen, that poor Brian had to put in again he got so sick?"

"Why *no*, granny, you did not," and Maureen's cheek turned ashy white, "Lord bless us! what ails him?"

"I don't know, avourneen, I don't know, but it's all in his head, whatever it is. Poor More is frightened out of her wits about him, an' no wonder she would, for a better boy never broke the world's bread!"

"What are you about, Maureen?" said Noddy, seeing her drawing her shawl around her.

"I'm going home, Noddy, where else?—it isn't here I ought to be when Brian Kineely's sick, without e'er a one to mind him but his poor old granny, that's like a child herself. Granny, aren't you comin'?"

"God's blessin' on your tender heart, avourneen!" was Vara's fervent prayer, as bidding Noddy good night, they set out together.

"It's the *hard* heart I'd have, granny, if I didn't feel for *him*, for there's no one in this wide world would have more feelin' for me if anything ailed me. Hurry, granny, hurry!"

None of the other fishermen got home till the next morning, and Maureen and her grandmother spent the night in Brian's cottage—to the great comfort and relief of both its inmates. It was a heavy cold of a catarrhal form that had been hanging on Brian for some days, and his malady was so much increased by the keen sharp air of the sea that morning that the young man had not been many hours out before he was forced to return home. He was hot, restless, and feverish all the night, but happily never lost his senses, and the presence of Maureen made him forget his pain. Nectar never was so sweet, so soothing to the Olympian deities as the mint tea prepared and given by Maureen's hand to Brian Kineely, and when she raised his aching head on her arm to administer the potion, he felt as though he could have wished to die then and there with those pitying eyes looking down upon him, and that heart for whose love he would have given worlds, softened thus to tenderness—for him.

Many were the joyful nods and winks exchanged between the two old women, as they marked the untiring solicitude of Maureen, but Maureen's own thoughts and feelings were a mystery to all, even Brian himself.

CHAPTER XVI.

By noon next day Brian Kineely was so much better that Vara pronounced him out of danger, "if he only took proper care of himself, an' didn't make too free." Towards evening he got out of bed, and sat by the fire while his grandmother crouching on the hearth watched the progress of a certain pottage intended for their evening meal. All at once the latch was raised, and who, of all people, should step in but Shan Driscoll. He had come, he said, to inquire after Brian, and when invited by More to take a seat, complied with the utmost alacrity. He appeared to feel sorry for Brian's illness, wondered to find him "so much pulled down," and asked More what she had given him to cure him so soon.

"Well! the sorra thing *I* gave him, at all, at all, Shan!" replied the old woman in her wheezing voice, "it was Vara and Maureen that doctored him betwixt them, an' glory be to God for it! they've brought him round finely. The two o' them sat up with him last night, an' I declare if he was their own a thousand times over they couldn't do more for him than they did."

Brian's eye was on Shan, at the moment, and he could see a dark shadow settling on his brow as he listened. The blood left his cheek, then rushed back again, crimsoning cheek and brow, and the glance which he cast on Brian was like the lurid flash bursting from the storm-darkened sky.

"It's little wonder you got over it so soon," said he, with suppressed anger, "it's you that has the knack of gettin' sick in the right time, Brian Kineely!"

"Sickness comes and goes when God pleases, Shan!" said Brian whose natural gentleness was increased by bodily weakness, "but anyhow I'm thankful to you for comin' to see me."

"Oh! never mind the thanks," said Shan doggedly, "I want you to get well soon so as to be able to dance at my weddin'."

"Your weddin'?" questioned Brian with some surprise, "an' when is *it* to be?"

"Well! I can't tell you that—I must ask herself first."

"An' who is *herself*, if it's no harm to ask?" There was a tremor in Brian's voice that did not escape the other's notice, and he smiled maliciously as he answered:

"Why, *who* would it be, Brian Kineely? You know well enough there's but *one* in the Claddagh that I'd put a ring on."

Brian turned pale—pale as death: "Why, sure it can't be"—he gasped for breath, "sure it *can't* be Maureen!" The tone, the look, the gesture betrayed the gaping wound that Brian would fain have concealed.

"Sure who else would it be, avick?" said Shan with cruel mockery. "We've everything a'most settled barrin' the day—but what's wrong with you, Brian?"

"Nothing, nothing!—granny!" raising his voice to reach her dulled hearing, "I'll take some of that drink Maureen left for me!" A sudden faintness had come over him and he leaned back against the jamb wall. Shan, forgetting for the moment all bitter feelings, snatched the tin cup from the trembling hand of More and held it to Brian's lips. Instead of taking it, the young man raised his languid eyes to his rival's face, and murmured:

"Not from you, Shan! not from you! you're torn away the heart from within me, an' you want me to drink my own heart's blood!—no! I tell you no!—give it to my granny an' let me alone!"

The vehemence with which Brian spoke startled even Shan, and made the old woman stare from one to the other in wild affright. Her obtuse faculties had failed to detect anything unusual in the demeanor of the two young men towards each other, and as former scenes now flashed upon her mind she turned on Shan with the glare of impotent wrath.

Just then the door opened and in came Maureen Dhu, her eyes beaming with the kindest sympathy, and the bloom of the healthful breeze glowing on her cheek. She was somewhat surprised on seeing Shan, but his presence made no difference in her treatment of Brian. Taking the cup from More's hand she bent down and held it to his lips till he quenched his thirst, then softly inquired how he felt. Brian's eyes filled with tears, and his heart was too full for words. Shan was galled to the quick, for Maureen had hardly noticed him.

"I think *I'll* get sick next," said he in an ironical tone, "till I see how people will nurse *me*."

"Don't grudge me this poor comfort, Shan," said Brian with sudden animation, "won't you have her always—*always*—to comfort *you?*"

"What's that you say, Brian?" cried Maureen, raising herself up with a kindling eye.

"Ask Shan there—*he* can tell you."

Maureen turned quickly, and fixed a glance of haughty inquiry on Shan that made him quail for the moment.

"I was only jokin' when I said it Maureen!"

"Well, mind I tell you, never make such a joke again, Shan Driscoll!—you an' me are two—and we'll be so, please God!"

The lofty contempt with which Maureen uttered these words cut Shan to the heart, yet his fierce and proud nature would not suffer either grief or mortification to appear. Drawing his tall form to its fullest height he returned Maureen's look with one equally imperious.

"With all my heart, Maureen O'Hara! never say it twice!—the girl that can find a mate in *him*," pointing contemptuously to Brian, "is no match for Shan Driscoll. It was no joke after all, Brian Kineely, for whatever notion she had in her head she as good as gave in to marry me, an' that only a couple of nights ago. But now, I'll leave her to you, an' much good may she do you! Give us your hand, old woman!" (to More) "I gave you an unlucky blow onst, but I know you forgave me long ago. God be with you all! an' I hope you'll take care of yourself, Brian!—good people's scarce, you know!"

"Wisha, what's your hurry, Shan?" said More, who by no means understood what was going on, "can't you sit and rest you? sure it's altered times with you, if Maureen frightens you away!"

A derisive laugh was Shan's answer, and a contemptuous glance at Maureen and Brian as he passed them to the door.

What strange impulse was it that brought Maureen so far out of her way home half an hour after as to pass Shan Driscoll's door, and why did she stop, when she saw Shan himself stretched at full length on the bench outside, his face buried in his folded arms? No sigh or groan escaped him, but there he lay motionless and silent as if death had stilled the pulses of that impetuous heart.

As Maureen stood there but a few yards distant her mind involuntarily placed before her what Shan Driscoll was wont to be—what he would still be but for her. She thought how many girls in the village were ambitious of a glance from the eyes that ever dwelt on her with fond devotion, and murmering to herself: "It's little I thought to see you this way, Shan, after the anger that was on you a while ago!" she unconsciously moved a few steps nearer, with words of kindness on her lip, when between her and the recumbent form of Shan glided a figure whose noble proportions and stately bearing were not to be mistaken, any more than the pale stern countenance which confronted Maureen in the dim and misty moonlight. A strange sensation tingled through Maureen's frame. Her very heart was chilled, and her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth so that she could not utter a word, although she tried hard to get out an exclamation of surprise. And there before her at the distance of a few feet stood the statue-like figure with its glassy eyes—oh, how changed! fixed on her own, and the cold impassable face, unwarmed by the breath of life. Faint and sick at heart with an undefinable sense of awe, Maureen would have fallen to the ground had not Shan started up, at the moment, as though actuated by some sudden emotion. Who can picture his astonishment when he beheld Maureen standing motionless within a few feet of him, her eyes fixed on vacancy, as it seemed, and no tinge of color in that cheek which half an hour before bloomed like the rose.

"Why, then, Maureen," he cried, approaching her, "is it you that's in it, at all?"

At the sound of his voice the girl began to revive. Drawing a long breath, she felt the glow of life returning to her fear-chilled frame, but still she could not speak.

Shan was alarmed he knew not why. "Maureen!" he said, taking her unresisting hand, "Maureen, pulse of my heart! why don't you speak to me?—what are you lookin' at, Maureen?—speak to me, astore machree! if it's only one word! I can't bear to see you that way!"

"Don't you see him, Shan?" whispered Maureen in a thrilling tone.

"See who, darlin'?—I see no one but you—an' I want to see no other, surely!"

Maureen heaved a deep sigh and then raised her eyes to Shan's face with a look that made his heart swell with joyful emotion. She was evidently recovering the use of her faculties.

"Didn't you see Mr. Fitzstephen?" she asked, still in a low whisper.

"Mr. Fitzstephen!" repeated Shan, "why, Lord bless me, no!—where is he——"

"He's gone now, but he was here a minute ago—just on that spot!——"

"Lord save us!"

"Come home with me, Shan!" said Maureen faintly, "there's a weakness on me that I can hardly stand—it was his fetch I seen, I know well!"

Shan was of the same opinion but he affected to think it all imagination, and even went so far as to laugh at Maureen's nervous fears. At heart he was nearly as frightened as herself, for brave and lighthearted as he was, he had an overwhelming dread of the supernatural. But it would never do to let Maureen see his trepidation.

"*Fetch* here or *fetch* there," said he with a forced laugh, "I'd advise him to keep from betwixt you an' me, Maureen! But that's true, how did yourself come there? Sure *you're* no fetch anyhow!"

There was the slightest possible embarrassment in Maureen's manner as she replied: "I was goin' over to your house to see Aileen an' the child—won't you come in, Shan?" They had just reached her father's door and the hum of cheerful voices from within gave strength and courage to Maureen. Of course the invitation was not to be refused, and the hearty welcome which greeted Shan on every side made his heart bound and his eyes sparkle, especially when he found himself seated next to Maureen by a good-natured sign from her father. One would naturally expect that the recent apparition would have been the first thing told to ears which ever opened eagerly to the marvellous, but no such thing. Maureen merely mentioned having met Shan at Brian Kineely's, and strange to say neither one nor the other alluded to what had blached the cheek and disturbed the very soul of each.

That same night, and it might be about the same hour, Giles Fitzstephen and his sister Margaret sat together in the front parlor of their dwelling, engaged in conversation on what appeared to be some topic of absorbing interest, judging from the impressive seriousness of the brother and the unusual agitation of the sister. It was seldom that Margaret manifested deep emotion of any kind, for, though at all times lively and animated, she had so great control over her feelings that people suspected her of having few or none. Certain it is that whatever sensibility she had was all in connection with self, the affairs of others giving her at any time very little concern. It must be something which concerned her very closely that affected her now so deeply, and it was pitiful to see how her color came and went, and her features worked almost convulsively as she listened to the words which Giles was saying in a calm, deep, earnest tone. How timidly her eyes sank beneath the searching glance that was fixed on her.

"I say again, Margaret, as I said before, that evasion will no longer serve your turn. Captain Hamilton will expect an answer, indeed I promised him one—by to-morrow or next day—and if you are willing to accept his proposal, as I believe you are, I have not the slighest objection, provided you explain to me the mystery in which a certain portion of your life is enveloped. Remember you have no time to lose, for my mother and Charlotte may be in any moment, and then you lose the opportunity which I managed to give you. Speak now, Margaret!—of what are you afraid?"

"Oh Giles! Giles! you of all people—you so stern—I cannot—no, I cannot!"

"Upon my honor, Margaret!" said Fitzstephen, smiling notwithstanding all his seriousness, "you are more candid than polite this evening—to hear *you* talk, one would be apt to think me a very tyrant—but I give you my word you shall not find me stern on this occasion. Come! come! let me hear this secret whatever it is—why, Margaret! how strangely moved you are—surely, my sister! it cannot be so very, *very* bad——"

"It *is* bad, Giles! bad and very bad—oh! that I should have to tell it—and to you—still I can do it now better than I could a few weeks since." She looked up with something of her wonted archness.

"And why so, Margaret?"

"Why because I have found that more than myself have hearts of flesh——"

It was now her brother's turn to change color, and for a moment his eye fell, but it was only for a moment—the emotion passed like a summer cloud and Richard was himself again, calm, cold and passionless. Yet even the momentary confusion he had betrayed was a source of encouragement to Margaret. Rising from her seat she removed the lamp from the centre table to one just behind her so that her face was in deep shadow, and this done she felt as though her task was somewhat lightened.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND—YOUGHAL.

[From the Dublin Celt.]

Few towns in the South have more attraction for the literary tourist than Youghal. It is a perfect nursery of supernatural legends and tales, and also of historic and romantic achievements. It was formerly the stronghold and battle ground of the great Desmonds; it formed a part of their princely territories. Cromwell kept his head quarters in Youghal, while with fire and sword he spread terror and devastation through Munster. Sir Walter Raleigh, too, sheltered himself there for a time from court intrigues; there he planted the first potatoes that were sown in Ireland; he brought them from Virginia. When they grew up, the servant prepared the seed-apples for dinner, and finding them so bitter, he ran in a passion and dug them out of the ground, when to his surprise he discovered the tubors. Sir Walter was the first to introduce tobacco into Ireland. During his quiet administration at Youghal, he sought to dissipate the *ennui* of his unlaborious office with the enjoyment of the smoky weed. Like everything new, it met with opposition. On one occasion Sir Walter lolled in his arm chair in profound meditation, and enveloped by a cloud of tobacco smoke, when his servant entered with a tankard of ale; thinking that his master was on fire, he flung the contents of the tankard into his face. I often wandered along the strand, picking shells, listening to the rippling of the waves breaking o'er the shore, to the wild screams of the seabirds, or to the wilder tales of the fishermen as they listlessly watched their cast nets, and chewed the all-absorbing weed. I often rambled through the old collegiate house, once the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. The house was built in 1464, by Thomas, Earl of Desmond; its present appearance is something of the Elizabethan style of architecture. It was much damaged during the Desmond rebellion, but was subsequently repaired by Sir Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork. The interior is not much modernized. The drawing-room contains some old furniture of Irish oak, among which is an arm chair of Sir Walter's, perhaps the very one in which he got the drenching of ale. The ground about is tastefully planted with myrtles, bays, arbutus and other exotics; the myrtle trees are of a great height, and have given the place the name of Myrtle-grove. In the garden are four yew trees planted by Raleigh. Sir Walter has left sufficient evidences of his refined taste, in the elaborate finish and carving of his mansion, and in the adorning of his garden. The secluded tranquillity which he here enjoyed from the broils and storms of court life, was unsuited to one of his active aspiring mind.

The College was founded by Thomas, eighth Earl of Desmond. It was plundered by Garrett the brave insurgent earl. The two towers of defence, built by the Earl of Cork, are all that remain of the old building.

The College, which is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, is still in good repair; it is converted into a Protestant Church. It is an interesting relic of bygone days. In the chantry there is a splendid monument to the memory of the Earl of Cork. The earl, in effigy, is reclining on his left side, supported by cushions. There are nine small marble effigies representing his children. At the earl's feet, kneeling, is his first wife, Joan, daughter of William Apsley; at his head is his second wife, the Countess of Cork; over each is an escutcheon impaling the Boyle family. The old church has several tombs and monuments almost coeval with itself. Facing the east, over the communion-table, there is a beautiful stained glass window, emblazoned with the arms of the neighboring gentry. It has a gorgeous effect, especially when the rising sun spreads its rays upon it; it then flings its varying colors of blue, red, and purple along the aisle, lighting up, with glistening rays, the old pulpit, the pews, and the lonely tombs. "I should not wonder," said I to the sexton who showed me through the house, "if some of those old, grim gentlemen and ladies here should take a nightly stroll about, just to shake their old limbs, and to see how would they look. If such visitors frequent this earth, I would expect to meet them here, going through their midnight promenades, discussions, and intrigues." "On one Saturday night," he replied, "the moon shone so brightly that I thought it was day. I took a light and went to put the church in order for service. On going into the vestry-room I heard a noise in the church; fearing robbers I opened the door, and as I did, a gush of wind blew down the aisle that quenched the candle. I then heard, I thought, the creaking of boots and the rustling of silks, as if persons were walking about. I hurried home and found that it was only about midnight." The cemetery is extensive, and occupies a rising ground to the rear of the church, it is planted with trees, and tastefully intersected with gravel walks. It is surrounded by the old fortification wall, which is still strong and massive. The cemetery commands a fine view of the town. It has Cenotaphs erected to the memory of men who died in India or elsewhere, and whose bones are bleaching on the plains of Hindoston. Their praise and renown are set forth in such glowing colors, that if they were to rise from the dead, they would hide their diminished heads with shame. Nothing softens the heart and impresses us so forcibly with our own nothingness as a stroll among the tombs. When we consider who occupy the many graves around, what they have been once—what they are now; their loathsome bodies rotten, their memories forgotten, their names scarcely mentioned, except, perchance, some one may read the mouldering stones that mark their graves, and then pass on. In one place I read of the death of a lovely girl of eighteen—a rose budding into bloom and loveliness; her grave was watered with the tears of her bereaved parents. What now avails her beauty, it putrifies in that narrow, gloomy charnel house of the dead; one good act would smell a thousand times sweeter before heaven. Beside her sleep those very parents that wept for her. Here, mingling in common earth, sleep the hero and the coward, the peer and the peasant. It is one great republic of the dead, where all distinctions cease. The rich man may have his ashes pressed the closer by a splendid monument or "storied urn;" beside him sleeps the peasant—no stone marks his grave—the green grass grows over him—the soft rain trickles through the turf that covers him—his monument, the canopy of heaven. Here, side by side, sleep men that sought each other's ruin while living. I read an epitaph to the memory of Lieutenant Hercules Layrush, who was killed in a duel by Lieutenant Waters; its date was 1780. Beside him Lieutenant Waters was buried. Here at least their quarrels are at an end, their boiling blood and hot passions are cooled—their feelings of honor are no more—death claims all. There they rest like loving brothers. Some old poet has appropriately said:

> "All hearts must come
> To the cold tomb;
> Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Poor, blind mortals! how we struggle and toil, and pant after phantoms, instead of striving for the heavenly reward of the virtuous and good.

I often visited the ruins of the old priory of St. John. In it Cromwell resided during his stay in Youghal. It is pregnant with recollections of the stern *Protector*. From this, in the year 1650, he marched with his psalm-singing, hard-fighting, adventurous army on Fethard, Callan, and Kilkenny. After the capitulation of Kilkenny, March 28, he marched on Clonmel. Clonmel was garrisoned by O'Farrell's division of Owen Roe O'Neill's veterans, commanded by Ormond and 1,200 strong. These brave defenders—the remnant of a forlorn hope—slew 2,000 of Cromwell's men in the breach. It needed but the military genius of Owen Roe to secure them victory—but fate—a wayward fate—decreed otherwise. It is said that Cromwell was about giving up the assault until he was reinforced by his son Henry and Lord Broghill with their men.

Thus strengthened with men and provisions, he concentrated all his forces, and on the morning of the 9th of May—after being several times repulsed by the brave defenders—he succeeded in making a breach.

Several times did he madly charge through the breach, but each time did his diminished troops recoil before the flashing fire, the cold steel, and maddening war-cry of O'Neills veterans, and the townspeople. The death of their brave general was rankling in their hearts, and each cheek blanched with a thirst of revenge.

The uncertain battle raged all day until night separated the combatants. The defenders were without ammunition, and therefore unable to continue the fight on the morrow, so in the dead of night, they marched in good order for Waterford. Next day the town, having got favorable terms from Cromwell, who was ignorant of its desertion and who was in a hurry back to smite the English parliament—capitulated. This was his last exploit in Ireland; on the 29th of May, 1650, he sailed from Youghal. For the last time he cast his eyes on this lovely island—whose convents and monasteries he plundered—whose sons and daughters he butchered—and whose broad fertile lands became the prey of his mercenary soldiers.

A Turkish woman has just died in the island of Rhodes at the advanced age of 128. She preserved all her mental faculties to the last.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

It is stated in the annual report of the Commissioners of Customs that it was the opinion of the law officers of the crown that the proof against Moore was not technically of a character to warrant a demand of his extradition from the United States, whither he is known to have fled. His sureties, however, have paid £3,000; and, as some property has been seized, and proceedings for the recovery of duty are in progress against parties who have made purchases of tea from him without due care, it is thought the crown will eventually lose little.—*Belfast paper.*

Carlow.

An inquest was held by Edward Gorman, Esq., Coroner of the county, on the body of Catherine Marshall, a child of four years of age, who came by her death in a sudden manner. From the evidence adduced, it appeared that the deceased with other children were left in the house, while the parents were engaged working on their farm. While playing about the kitchen, her clothes came in contact with the fire, and the unfortunate creature was burned to death before any assistance could be obtained. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts.—*Sentinel.*

A very excellent ram, the property of Mr. Thomas Coleman, was killed on the lands of Clorusk, in the neighborhood of the Royal Oak, and the flesh of the animal carried away. —*Ibid.*

The Rev. Mr. Nolan, P.P. of Rathvilly, and the Rev. Mr. Kinsella, P.P. of Rathrush, thankfully acknowledge receipt of £10 from Colonel Kane Bunbury, for the poor of their respective parishes.

Mr. John Crosby, Dublin street, begs to acknowledge the receipt of £1 15s., restitution money, through the hands of the Rev. James Butler, C.C.

The expenses for rent, doctors' salaries, and other neeessaries, for the different divisions of the Carlow Union, during the last twelve months, are £466.

Clare.

We are delighted to be in a position to state that the monument to O'Connell in Ennis is now an accomplished fact. The 30th of May, a day very memorable in connection with the name of O'Connell, has been fixed on for the parochial collections throughout the county. At the late meeting of the Bishop and Priests of this part of the diocese of Killaloe there were at least forty Priests present on the occasion. We have reason to believe that the people are prepared so respond to the call about to be made on them in that spirit of enthusiasm which ever characterized their devotion to O'Connell. It has been deemed advisable to delay the publication of the subscription list or some time longer, but it is gratifying to find that the generous contributions offered are just what might be expected.—*Journal.*

There was not a single case for trial at the Ennistymon quarter sessions, and the High Sheriff presented the assistant barrister with a pair of white gloves, which was also done at Birr, where P. Newell Barron, Esq., got a pair of white gloves.—*Limerick Reporter.*

Donegal.

The state of Gweedore and Cloughaneely, concerning which such totally opposite and irreconcileable statements have publicly been made, is at length about to become the subject of inquiry before a committee of the House of Commons, Mr. Bagwell's motion on the subject having been carried on Thursday evening by a majority of 147 to 111. The motion appears not to have been formally resisted by the government, though their Irish Coryphaeus, Mr. Whiteside "reprobated an inquiry made under false pretences," and "warned the House against the precedent of allowing an inquiry into the mode in which landlords disposed of their estates." The Irish secretary, however, consented to the committee, and the new Tory member for Trinity College, Mr. Lefroy, supported the motion for inquiry. We are glad that this important step towards a full investigation of the facts of Donegal destitution and landlordism has been successfully taken, and we trust the case on behalf of the tenantry will be supported by an ample disclosure of irrefragable facts. We may be quite sure there will be no lack of zeal or industry on the part of the landlords in making out and sustaining their case.—*Dublin Tablet.*

A great northern diver (Colymbus Glavialis) was captured in the trouts net in Ballyshannon Harbor. It is about the size of a goose; has full eyes of a ruddy color, and dark grey plumage with white spots, webbed feet, unfit for walking, and a long sharp bill. The bird's summer residence is the Arctic regions, and this month is its season for emigrating thither.—*Ballyshannon Herald.*

Dublin.

A meeting of the friends and admirers of the late John Hogan, the sculptor, was held on Saturday, April the 17th, at No. 19 Dawson street, the Provost of Trinity College in the chair. Mr. Wilde, in stating the objects of the meeting, observed upon the high character and genius of the late distinguished artist, and of the state in which his large and helpless family—composed of his widow and of eleven children, the eldest of whom is but eighteen and the youngest one year and a half old—were left by his untimely end. Proposed by Lord Talbot de Malahide, and seconded by Charles Bianconi, Esq.: "That a committee be appointed, with power to add to their numbers, for the purpose of adopting the best means of evincing the national appreciation of the late John Hogan's great artistic genius, and of assisting his widow and eleven children, who have been left by his untimely death without adequate means of support." Proposed by R. D. Lyons, M.D., Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the Catholic University, and seconded by John Lentaigne, D.L.: "That an account be opened in the Bank of Ireland in the names of the trustees of the Hogan Fund." Proposed by R. R. Madden, Esq.; seconded by J. T. Gilbert: "That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to influential persons throughout the provinces, with a view to the formation of local committees." The Provost having vacated the chair, which was then taken by Lord George Hill, it was proposed by Thomas O'Hagan, Q.C., and seconded by William R. Wilde: "That our best thanks are due to the Provost for his dignified conduct in the chair, and for the deep interest he has taken, and the efficient aid he has afforded in advancing the object of this meeting." The appeal for subscriptions was promptly responded to by the noblemen and gentlemen present, and the secretaries acknowledged several contributions which they had received. Subscriptions will be received at the Bank of Ireland, as well as by the treasurer, secretaries, or any of the local committee.—*Saunders.*

Referring to the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen's late letter on military schools, the *Nation* observes: "The Archbishop is laying bare to the very roots the injustice done to Catholic soldiers because of their religion, in the British service. He is pointing out the skilfully concealed yet effective machinery of proselytism which is fitted into the system, and is forever at work, noiselessly, at the evil task of perversion. It is for the Catholic clergy all over Ireland now that the shoals and quicksands of the English service are sufficiently revealed, to give warning to their flocks, and it is for the people to avoid the risk of shipwrecks to their eternal souls. In vain will the Archbishop of Dublin, or a saint from heaven, reclaim against the horrible system if the government find that recruits are forthcoming nevertheless. If Irish Catholics will enter the service, and Irish Catholics will fight when they are wanted, the British Government will take it as a proof that the grievance complained of exists only in the imaginations of the Catholic clergy."

We are glad to see that our countryman, Mr. C. Leonard, who some months ago so spiritedly resented the insults offered to the Sisters of Mercy in Sheffield by one of the Poor Law Guardians named Ashberry, has himself been elected a Guardian of the Borough of Sheffield. Mr. Leonard is the first Irish Catholic ever elected on a Poor Law Board in Sheffield. We take this opportunity of saying what was omitted accidentally from our former notice of Mr. Ashberry's ebullition, that the comments made thereupon by the Editor of the *Sheffield Independent* were creditable to him as a gentleman and a Christian, and entitled him to the gratitude of all Catholics.—*Nation.*

Galway.

The Galway Freemen Disfranchisement Bill is likely to prove an exceedingly inconvenient and unpleasant measure to its originators and backers. There can be no doubt whatever that glaring and scandalous corruption existed in Galway, especially amongst the freemen, many of whom were accustomed on every occasion of an election to let themselves openly to the highest bidder. The ostensible object of the Bill is to punish this corrupt abuse of political privileges, but it is supposed that its supporters, amongst whom are conspicuous the very parties who practised and profited by bribery and corruption in Galway, have some other motives for their exertions besides a newborn zeal for public morality. The House of Commons, however, accepts their zeal for what it may be worth, and puts to them a very simple but effective test—as it is equally a crime to buy as to sell votes, the House has determined that, while the ignorant and needy freeman is visited with just punishment, the wealthy and educated briber shall not come off scot-free, or, rather, shall not be rewarded for his success in debauching a constituency by a measure which gains him a party triumph, and pardons his offences against public justice and morality.

Kilkenny.

Kilkenny bids fair to become the battle-ground on which souperism is doomed to breathe its last, not however, as it would seem, without a desperate struggle for a respite of some duration. The *Kilkenny Journal* furnishes us with the sketch of the last Souper escapade in the good old city. The scene was Black Mill street; the *dramatis personæ* given are: a gathering of jumpers, one of them in the act of preaching, an ass, a young lad, his father, Souper Constable Flynn, the ex-Mayor of the city, a crowd, and all the supernumeraries usual on such momentous occasions. Act First—the ass going about his business and the lad interrupting him in it by giving him a "slight push" which brought the unconscious animal in profane contact with the elect person of a listening jumper. Act Second—a detective Souper on the alert; perceives the donkey's sacrilegious doings, seizes both him and the boy, and, whilst dragging them away—lays hands on the father likewise for interceding in his child's favor in vain. Act Third—the late Mayor, endeavoring to act as mediator with the Souper Guardian of the peace, and, therefore, summoned before the court to account for his amicable and well-meant interposition. The remaining acts will be gone through in due course, and with all the solemnity their importance demands. Now, we ask, in the name of common sense and common justice, whether this is a state of things to be endured in the middle of the nineteenth century? The peaceful citizens of Kilkenny are saddled with the expense of an additional police force, and by way of return for the outlay one of the peace-preservers drags a harmless lad, his father, together with one of the most respectable inhabitants of the city, before a police court, because a donkey's shaggy hide had presumed to come between the wind and the street-preacher's nobility? Verily, matters have come to a pretty pass amongst us! In Belfast, street-preaching turned the entire city into a scene of riot, disorder, and even bloodshed, which lasted for several days, and which after six months' cessation have just been renewed from a similar cause. For, aught we know to the contrary, Constable Flynn, who now figures so conspicuously in Kilkenny, may have been one of the "true blue" guardians of the peace in Belfast; if not, he decidedly ought to have been there with his brethren of like calibre. The Trinity College "boys" insisted that they have a right to fling eggs, apples, and stones, and whatever else it pleased them, at whomsoever they choose, for the space of two mortal hours; but the poor Kilkenny boy and every one that ventures to remonstrate with the Souper guardian of the peace in that good old city, must be dragged into court, and, perhaps, subjected to "durance vile" for being the innocent cause of a patient donkey's touching the hem of a jumper's garment, and thus diverting the pious wearer's attention from the unctious blasphemies of a perverter of God's word. What next?—*Carlow Post.*

Some domestics in the house of A. Cadogan, Esq., T. C., of Greenville, observed the mill a distance from the dwelling house, on fire. The alarm being given, the family of the house were called up, but in a few minutes after the fire had extended so far that volumes of smoke and flame were seen issuing through the windows and roof. There being no fire engines nearer than Waterford, there was no hope, therefore, of extinguishing, or even mitigating, the fiery element. The mill being perfectly dry, as all mills are, and composed of the most ignitable materials, the result was, that the fire had not continued very long when all the lofts—five or six in number—the roof, timber and machinery fell to the basement story in one confused heap of burning rubbish, leaving "not a wreck behind" save the bare walls, which, though composed of the best limestone, are burned as dry as powder, and must, we learn, be taken down.

Limerick.

There was a general meeting of Mr. Ball's committee at the office of Mr. Murphy, Thomas street, which was unanimously attended, when measures were taken securing Mr. Ball's return, in the event of a vacancy in the representation of the city of Limerick. Mr. James Spaight is making a canvass of the electors of the city.—*Limerick Reporter.*

Louth.

A special meeting of the Dundalk Town Commissioners was held, for the purpose of devising the best means of expressing their public regret at the melancholy fate of the late Captain Kelly and those who perished with him, and of commemorating their esteem for those who so gallantly labored with them in the late fearful calamity. After a lengthened discussion, it was resolved: "That the Town Commissioners give every facility for a suitable site for the monument, and that a Committee of the Commissioners act in concert with the Committee of the Harbor Commissioners and the Dundalk Steampacket Company in furtherance of this resolution." This was passed. A letter was read from the Life-boat Company, offering a life-boat on such terms as met the warm approbation of all present.

The closing scene in the actual drama of religious persecution, realizing the extreme penalty of landlord law, has just come off at Inniskeen, on the little farm recently held by John Byrne. The sub-sheriff of the county Monaghan, Mr. Wright, accompanied by Colonel Lewis's agent, Downey, arrived at Inniskeen by the early train. They were met there by those congenial souls, Clindinnon, the bailiff, and a man of the name of Elliott, who had recently filled the same office, and then proceeded, escorted by the Inniskeen constabulary, in "quick march," to discharge the dire duty of the day. Near the "scene of action" they were joined by the Drumboat and Coolaville detachments of police, and shortly after the district inspector arrived and placed himself at their head. Without any loss of time the force was arrayed with all imaginable strategic formality, as though the conquest to be achieved were one of no ordinary difficulty. One portion were commanded to keep the cross roads, not far distant from the fated cottage, while the other detachment, accompanied by the sheriff, agent, bailiffs, &c., proceeded to the "scene of action," where they found Byrne, his wife and family, in what was once their cherished home. Byrne once more offered all rents and costs due and asked to be left in possession of his farm. But there was no mercy for him. John Byrne must be crushed by *law* for the *crime* of professing, in the presence of the pious colonel, a strict adherance to the religion and the rules of his Church. The most pitiable object in the scene was the poor mother, surrounded by her trembling and weeping children. In her desperation and distraction she exclaimed that she would not leave. The Sheriff's man then seized her, and, in resigning herself to her fate, she exclaimed, "Thanks be to God, we are not driven out on the world for not paying our rent, or for any other crime, but because we would not deny our religion and send our souls to perdition. If we have to beg the world, no child of ours shall ever enter your filthy school." The looks and bearing of the constabulary satisfied the witnesses of the painful scene that they were unwilling instruments on the occasion. During the process of eviction there was a large assemblage of people from the county of Armagh and surrounding districts, and on every countenance indignation was strongly depicted. I visited the scene of desolation at 7 o'clock yesterday evening, and hardened, indeed, must be the heart which such a scene would not have affected. The poor mother was there, still sitting on the rock opposite the house where all her children were born. In speechless agony she gazed alternately at the old familiar house, and at the children weeping around her as the night approached. Remnants of furniture were scattered about; the fire on that hearth, around which the children so often warmed themselves, was extinguished for ever; and, to prevent a return, or one last look more at the favorite retreat, the door was built up with stones. A temporary shelter for the night was provided by the charitable neighbors for the poor mother and her children. John Byrne now stands before his country a tested martyr. His resolution to stand by his faith and the faith of his children was formed and fixed long before there was indication whatever of a movement in his behalf. He is a sterling, sturdy, noble fellow—the pride and exemplar of his class. The country has already done much to mark its appreciation of his character and conduct, and it will do more to consummate the good work of rendering him independent of landlord caprice, and of making his example memorable in the annals of the struggle—the glorious struggle to emancipate rural industry.—*Correspondent of the Dublin Freeman.*

Tyrone.

It seems the Tyrone Militia are to be disbanded next month, because they have given no men to the "line." The recruiting goes on slowly, and in order to increase it four other Irish regiments are to be disbanded on the 1st of May—at a time when there is no labor in the country—when everything is dear, and nothing is left for the working classes, between spring and harvest, but the workhouse. It is nicely conceived, and will be as neatly carried out as making Irishmen bear the additional burden of taxation.

Waterford.

The Waterford Quarter Sessions terminated on Friday evening last. Among the cases were three insolvent petitions, and a few cases of ejectment. The special jury cases were then gone into, and among them was one preferred by the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, Presbyterian minister of Portlaw, against Mr. Browne, postmaster of Kilmacthomas, and who runs the mail car between that town and Carrick-on-Suir. It appeared from the evidence that the plaintiff, on the 31st of July, was a passenger on the car from Kilmacthomas to Fiddown bridge, that the horse became restive, ran away, car and horse were flung into a quarry, the complainant receiving severe injuries. The evidence

proved the injuries received, and that the harness was not sound. The jury found for the plaintiff £20 damages and costs.—*News.*

The Emperor of the French has forwarded the sum of £26 towards the relief of the families of the poor men who lost their lives in their atttempt at rescue of life in the late wreck at Tramore—£18 to be divided between the two widows, one of whom has a large family receiving £12, the other £6, and £2 to each of the other fishermen who were on board the yawl at the time. His Imperial Majesty has also forwarded a sum of £38 to Mr. Ardagh to be divided among the crew of the schooner Spanákway, of Dungarvan, who rescued the crew of the French vessel La Giguettire.—*Ibid.*

The Nancy sailed with over 90 passengers for St. John's, Newfoundland. Very many of the passengers, tradesmen, have been engaged for employment when they arrive. The Nancy is a very neat built vessel with superior accommodation. She is the property of our opulent fellow citizen, P. Cox, Esq., T. C.—*Ibid.*

A lecture was delivered before the members of the Catholic Young Men's Society, John street, by Mr. John H. Keane—Subject, The Life and Writings of the Poet Moore. The chair was occupied by A. P. Maher, Esq. A selection of the melodies, by way of illustration, was given at intervals during the lecture by a very efficient choir, accompanied on the piano by Mr. Brescoe, and on the violin by Mr. J. Dawson. At the conclusion of the lecture a vote of thanks was proposed to Mr. Keane by Mr. John Phelan, seconded by Mr. Nash, for his very interesting lecture.

William Dargan, Esq., has it in contemplation to expend a sum of over £4,000 in reclaiming some of the Back Strand of Tramore.

Wexford.

To-morrow, says the Wexford *Independent* of the 17th ult., for the first time within the last hundred and sixty-seven years, the parish priest of Wexford will celebrate Mass in his own church—the Church of the Franciscan Fathers having been used for parochial duties during that long period. The occasion being of such a peculiar nature, independently of the interest which every Christian must take in erection of temples of prayer and sanctification to the honor of the Most High, we anticipate a vast attendance. The new bell was blessed on Thursday, and subsequently raised to its destination in the tower, when it tolled forth sounds of the sweetest melody.

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

PART V.

There being now before Parliament a Bill for the amendment of the Grand Jury laws, your attention is naturally directed to the defects which at present exist in our administration of local affairs and to the principles which ought to govern legislation with a view to remedy those defects. As the taxation levied by Grand Jury presentment amounts annually to about one million sterling, and as the functions of Grand Juries embrace many branches of local administration, the subject is one which well deserves your consideration.

Though of late years the proceedings of Grand Juries have been comparatively free from the abuses which existed in former times, this improvement is to be attributed rather to the increased control of public opinion than to the excellence of the system under which they act. If an organization be radically defective, it is unjust to lay its imperfections to the charge of those who administer it. It has been customary to speak of the jobbing of Grand Juries as an evidence of a want of integrity on the part of the country gentlemen of Ireland, but I am convinced that there goes on within the precincts of the British Parliament, in the department of private bill legislation, more jobbing than is to be found in the Grand Juries, Corporations, Boards of Guardians and other bodies administering the local affairs of the whole Kingdom of Ireland. Indeed, considering how defective is the machinery under which Grand Juries are constituted, it is wonderful that there do not prevail more abuses and corruption than are actually found to exist. The whole Grand Jury system is at variance with the principles upon which bodies exercising fiscal functions ought to be constituted. The High Sheriff, who is irresponsible for his selection, nominates according to his caprice a number of gentlemen, who are themselves irresponsible, to act as a Grand Jury. These gentlemen impose upon the people at large taxation from which they may themselves be wholly exempt. The Grand Juries nominate according to the caprice of individual Grand Jurors, cesspayers who are irresponsible to act at presentment sessions with magistrates who are also irresponsible to the ratepayers at large. Thus from first to last the principle, now universally accepted, that taxation should be imposed only by persons who represent the Taxpayers, is violated.

The Bill introduced by Mr. Herbert contains some useful provisions, but it fails to correct the fundamental defect of the present system, as it leaves to Grand Juries selected by sheriffs the power of regulating and controlling the county taxation of Ireland. It introduces, however, the principle of election in the constitution of the Baronial Presentment Sessions, as it proposes that cesspayers who act with the magistrates shall hereafter be chosen by the ratepayers not nominated by the Grand Juries; and if Parliament be disposed to substitute the principle of representation for that of nomination in the Baronial Sessions, it cannot consistently refuse to extend this principle to the body which acts for the county at large.

Want of permanency is another defect incidental to the bodies which at present administer the fiscal affairs of our counties. A Grand Jury is compelled to perform all its complicated duties within the space of a couple of days. Consequently it is incapable of steadily pursuing any object that requires prolonged attention, and if an individual grand juror feel disposed to apply himself with earnestness to any particular subject which requires continuity of operation, he is disheartened by the reflection that it is quite uncertain whether he may be nominated as a member of the ensuing Grand Jury. By the proposed substitution of a permanent Fiscal Board for the Grand Jury this defect of the present system would be remedied.

I will not weary you by commenting in detail upon the various provisions of Mr. Herbert's Bill, but I feel it to be incumbent upon me to notice one other deficiency in this measure. It is, I believe, universally allowed that the enactment by which in the Irish Poor Law one half of the poor rate is thrown upon the landlord, is an arrangement which is both equitable in its nature and advantageous to all classes. Now if such be your opinion you ought to insist that in all cases where the tenant holds at will or where a lease shall be made subsequent to the date of this act, the tenant shall be entitled likewise to deduct from his rent one half of the amount paid by him as county cess. Such an arrangement would interfere with no existing contract, so there can be no reason to complain of injustice, whilst it would operate most advantageously by increasing the vigilance of landlords in regard to every proceeding which can effect the local taxation of the country. If such a principle had been in force of late years we should probably never have witnessed the painful spectacle which is now presented in a portion of the county Donegal, and which has attracted the observation even of foreign countries. The inhabitants of the county of Donegal were formerly the most peaceful population in Ireland. It appears that some landlords, by ejecting their tenants and placing Scotchmen in their holdings, have created a spirit of uneasiness which did not before exist. To repress disturbance a large police force has been sent to the district in which these changes have taken place, and the expense of this force has been assessed upon the occupiers alone. Thus the distress and discontent occasioned by the acts of these landlords have been aggravated, until at last it has become necessary to make an appeal to the benevolence of the world at large in behalf of these Donegal peasants.

RAILWAYS

If there were to exist in each county a body possessing fully the confidence of the population at large, many powers and functions, not at present enjoyed by Grand Juries, might be assigned to it. Thus it might hereafter be found advisable to authorize County Boards, with the Concurrence of the Presentment Sessions of the Baronies which would be affected by the measure, to encourage the construction of Branch Railways by enabling them either to take shares in such Railways or to guarantee a dividend to Railway Companies. If the Fiscal Boards were enabled, with consent of the Baronial Sessions, to contract with Railway Companies for the construction of branch lines, it would not be necessary to seek the intervention of Parliament whenever a few additional miles of Railway may be required. The necessity which at present exists of expending several thousand pounds upon parliamentary costs, whenever a local improvement requires the enactment of a private bill, is an intolerable abuse. The appropriate remedy for this abuse is to construct in each locality an organization which shall possess the full confidence of the country, and to provide through this agency for all the municipal requirements of the population.

The Fiscal Board of each county would resemble very much the provincial councils of Belgium, which bodies contribute their funds and their labors in aid of every object that can promote the well being of the districts for which they act.

POLICE.

To municipal bodies, such as the Town Councils of corporate towns and the Fiscal Boards of counties, naturally belong the superintendence of a municipal police. As the expenses of the police of Ireland are for the most part defrayed by the State, it may be argued that local bodies have no claim to interfere in respect to the administration of this force. Whatever may be our predilections in favor of a municipal force in preference to a *gendarmerie* maintained by the State and governed by central authority, it is scarcely to be expected that you should desire to take upon yourselves the expense of maintaining this force—more especially as it may be admitted that, upon the whole, the Irish Constabulary are a very well conducted body of men. But it ought never to be forgotten that a force such as the Irish Constabulary may at any time become a most pernicious engine of misgovernment in the hands of a bad minister. It requires but a whisper from headquarters to convert every policeman into a government spy and to paralyze altogether the executive power of the local authorities. At the last Limerick election a police functionary was sent down by the authorities at Dublin Castle to act as an ally of the government candidate, and he took upon himself to supersede the Mayor of the city, the resident stipendiary magistrate, and all the other local magistrates. I was not present myself at the election, so I cannot speak from ocular observation, but I was informed by several persons, in whose truthfulness I place implicit confidence, that if the Mayor and local authorities had not offered positive resistance to the proceedings of this functionary, the streets of Limerick would have been in the most wanton manner stained with blood through the indiscretion of this delegate of the Castle. In a constitutional point of view it is necessary that the utmost vigilance should be exercised to restrain within legitimate bounds the controlling action of the central police functionaries, and to preserve to municipal magistrates their constitutional authority. In a financial point of view, too, it is right that their power of imposing taxation should be defined. At the last spring assizes the Grand Juries of the counties of Limerick and Tipperary disputed the legality of some demands made by the police authorities. In Limerick the police presentment was respited by the Judge on grounds of informality, and in Tipperary the Judge decided that the amount demanded must be levied, whether the charge were made in accordance with law or not. If the decision of this Judge be well founded, it is manifest that no redress can be procured from any illegal charge which may be made by the police authorities, except by the intervention of parliament. For this reason, if there were no other, an investigation ought to be demanded into the administration of the constabulary force, and some bounds ought hereafter to be placed upon this tendency to usurp unlimited and irresponsible authority. You ought, therefore, to instruct some trustworthy member to move without delay for a committee to inquire into the management of the constabulary department.

POOR LAWS.

Another branch of local administration which deserves your attention, with a view to its improvement, is that connected with the relief of the poor. Though I have advocated during a period of nearly thirty years the principle of a provision for the relief of the poor, I have always felt that there are many points connected with the Workhouse system which are extremely objectionable. The British Parliament, however, if not the Irish people, having decided upon adopting and maintaining this system, we have now only to consider how it can be rendered as perfect as possible. Few even of its warmest supporters will contend that it has as yet attained perfection; whilst its opponents must admit that, except in times of famine, it secures to every destitute person a refuge against actual starvation—that it provides an infirmary for the sick poor of every district, and that it brings into friendly co-operation a number of intelligent Guardians of the Poor, who would otherwise have few opportunities of deliberating together upon the interests of the localities with which they are connected. As I have, upon many occasions, set forth in print the principles upon which, in my opinion, an organization for the relief of the poor ought to be constituted, I shall not repeat them here; but I wish to engage your support in favor of a proposal suggested by the discussions which have taken place respecting the establishment of *Reformatory* Schools.

One of the most interesting institutions that I have ever visited was an *Ecole de Reforme* near Bruges (Russylede) in which 600 boys were receiving instruction and training, which appeared to me to be nearly perfect in suitability to the class for whom the institution was designed. At a short distance from Russylede there was a similar institution, in which 300 girls were receiving, at the time of my visit, under the superintendence of Sisters of Charity, instruction and training which appeared to be equally advantageous. In all such cases it is desirable to proceed gradually, and by way of experiment. As the feeling of this country appears at present to be in favor of *separate* education, some of these workhouses might be applied to the reception of Protestant children—some to the reception of Catholics; some for male children—some for females.

In advocating this proposal I have assumed that the statements of those who have petitioned for an amalgamation of unions are well founded; but, for my own part, I am by no means convinced that there is such a redundancy of workhouses in Ireland as is alleged to exist. If upon inquiry it be found that none of the existing workhouses could be spared for the purpose of being converted into Reformatories or Poor Schools, it would be necessary to erect new establishments for the especial purpose here contemplated, and the sites of such institutions ought to be chosen with a special regard to the object which is to be attained.

I have now to ask that I may be permitted to devote another Chapter of this Address to the local affairs of Ireland.

I remain, your faithful friend,

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

At Miltown Malbay, county Clare, Henry F. Somerset Bolton, Esq., of Maryville, to Mary, eldest daughter of Anthony O'Dwyer, Esq., of Annagh House, Miltown Malbay, and niece to the late John O'Dwyer, Esq., M.D., Physician General to the Forces.

April 20, at St. Peter's Church, Dublin, John Alexander Bunn, Esq., of Kendlestown Castle, county Wicklow, to Anna Louisa Broome, daughter of the late George Watts, Esq., of Sea View, county Wicklow.

April 15, at Killucan, Mr. Henry Crowley, of Dublin, to Sarah, daughter of Mr. Daniel Moore, county Westmeath.

April 15, at Kilkenny, John Aiken Dyer, of Gillingham, Kent, to Elizabeth Anne, daughter of George Paul Helsham, High Sheriff of the city of Kilkenny.

April 22, at St. George's Church, Dublin, W. Nelson Hancock, Esq., son of the late Wm. John Hancock, Esq., Assistant Poor Law Commissioner, to Mary, Anne, daughter of James Haughton, Esq., of Dublin.

April 13, at Everton, John Harrison, Esq., to Philippa, relict of Capt. Dani, of the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company.

April 14, at Monkstown Church, Wm. C. Hastings, son of John Hastings, Esq., of Woodside, county Dublin, to Emily, daughter of the late Anthony Dempsey, of Roebuck, in same county.

April 13, at the Carmelite Convent of St Joseph, Ranelagh, Mr. James M'Mahon, of Rathmines, Superintendent of Metropolitan Police, to Julia, daughter of Mr. John Slattery, of Dunville avenue, Ranelagh, county Dublin.

April 20, at the Cathedral, Marlborough street, Dublin, John Francis M'Veagh, Esq., M.D., of North Frederick street, to Alice Mary Josephine, daughter of the late Nicholas Murphy, Esq., of Toxteth Park, Liverpool.

April 20, at the Church of St. Mary Star of the Sea, Dublin, Francis Robert Nowlan, Esq., to Bridget Maria, daughter of the late Edward Browne, Esq., T.C., Limerick.

DEATHS.

At Erindale, county Carlow, George Bagot, Esq., aged 82.

April 17, at Riverdale, county Westmeath, Maria Elizabeth, daughter of the late Edward Briscoe, Esq., of Grangemore, in said county.

April 13, at Park View, Ellen Elizabeth, daughter of the late Luke Graham Campion, Esq., of Gurteen House, county Cork.

April 16, aged 87, Jean Baptiste Cramer, the oldest of contemporary pianists and composers for the piano, and one of the most celebrated musicians of his time.

April 10, at Inistiogue, Williame Crowe, formerly of Killane, county Carlow.

April 17, at 2 Portland street, North, Dublin, Anne, wife of Eugene Curry, aged 53.

April 18, at Hassop park, Eyrecourt, Thomas Gisborne, Esq., son of John Eyre, Esq.

April 19, at Blackrock, Major John French, of the 55th Regiment.

At his residence, 59 Lower Clanbrassil street, Dublin, Mr. Peter Hornidge, at an advanced age.

April 11, at Ballyzeile Castle, Carrick-on-Suir, Miss Margaret Hyland, daughter of Mrs. Hyland, the niece of Thomas O'Kennedy, Esq., of Pass.

April 18, at 135 Aughrim street, Dublin, Mr. Nicholas Kelly, formerly of 39 Bolton street.

April 17, at 42 Stafford street, after a tedious illness, Mr. John A. Kerr, aged 62.

At Clanboy, near Randalstown, Mr. James Kevland, formerly proprietor of the Dublin and Armagh Hotel, Belfast.

At Maveghill, Aghadowey, Alexander, son of Mr. Alex. M'Fetridge.

At Archestown, Queen's County, Capt. Walter M'Grath, aged 58 years, for many years attached to the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company as Commander.

April 15, at Mayfield House, Portlaw, county Waterford, Joseph Malcomson, Esq.

Mrs. R. Mosley, for 25 years Professor of Music in Dublin.

April 19, at 83 Lower Rutland street, Dublin, Mrs. Mary Murphy.

April 15, at Castlebar, Anne, relict of Mr. James Nixon, of Burrishoole, at the advanced age of 105.

At Geraldstown House, county Meath, Miss Anne Nolan.

April 14, the Hon. Arthur Anthony Nugent, of Crauna, county Galway, aged 84, the oldest magistrate and grand juror in that county.

April 18, at Lakeview, Killarney, James, son of Maurice James O'Connell, Esq., D.L.

April 13, at Poulboy Cottage, in her 30th year, Maria, wife of Patrick O'Donnell, Esq., and sister of Anthony O'Ryan, Esq., M.D., Carrick-on-Suir.

At Kilrush, after a lingering illness, Mr. Thomas O'Grady, brother of Michael O'Grady, Esq., Moore street, Kilrush.

April 17, at 83 Lower Gardiner street, Dublin, Matthew O'Reilly, Esq., Solicitor.

At Limerick, Eliza, wife of Joseph Parker, Esq., M.D.

In Merton Cottage, Kilkee, in his 80th year, Hughes Russell, Esq., formerly of Limerick.

At 20 Talbot street, Dublin, in the 74th year of his age, Mr. John Ryan, marble works and chimney-piece manufacturer.

April 17, at Carricklee House, county Tyrone, in her 79th year, Sarah, daughter of the late Thomas Simpson, Esq., of Ballyards, county Armagh.

April 17, at Urelands, in the county Wicklow, Margaret, daughter of the late Thomas Smith, of Rowlestown, in the county Dublin.

April 18, at Lower Baggot street, Dublin, aged 82 years, Aquilla Smith, Esq.

April 17, at Eblana House, Kingstown, aged 81 years, Wm. Stephens, Esq.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE LEANING TOWER OF SARAGOSSA.—Situated in the most ancient quarter of the city of Saragossa is the leaning tower. This remarkable structure was built under the Aragonese monarchy, long before the crowns of Aragon and Castile were united under Ferdinand and Isabel, towards the close of the fifteenth century. It is lofty, and has been superficially dilapidated by the effects of time, weather and war, the masonry bearing the marks of cannon balls. The tower is divided into several stories, and was originally very thickly roofed. Its architecture is not particularly imposing. Standing out, however, amid the dark Gothic masses of houses, it constitutes an interesting object to the picture. It is supposed that the singular inclination of the tower was originally caused by the settling down of the foundations, as was the case with the leaning tower of Pisa. At first the Spanish architects feared that the building, which has been, in its time, the scene of romance and tragedy, would ultimately topple over, and scatter its ruins over the neighborhood. Yet it remained firm, the stories being admirably joined, and at last became so knitted together as to form, apparently, a single piece. The vicinity of this remarkable structure was the centre of many extraordinary street contests during the invasion of Spain by Napoleon, and here at its foot stood the Maid of Saragossa, when she retired from the walls to watch the progress of the famous siege. As the capital of Aragon, Saragossa possesses a double influence in national affairs. That ancient province of Spain lying along the Pyrenees, between Catalonia and Navarre, forms a territory at least two hundred miles long and a hundred wide. Enclosed by lofty mountains, it appears like the natural home of bravery and independence. In former times the other provinces of the Spanish peninsula were subdued long before Aragon, which continued to enjoy not only a separate political existence, but also many free institutions, until its union with Castile in 1474. It was to this city that, after the *coup d'etat*, by Marshal O'Donnell in 1854, the Constitutionalists of Spain repaired. Many a fierce conflict took place between the hostile parties; General Dulce, at the head of the royal army, on the one hand, and the national guard on the other, terminating in the surrender of the city to the royalists.

HOGAN, THE IRISH SCULPTOR.—Something less than half a century ago, a gentleman passing through one of the principal streets of Cork observed a poor boy with a case-knife, and a bit of wood, copying a piece of sculpture over one of the old houses in that ancient city. He looked over his shoulder, and perceived a wonderful carving, a copy of the model already in progress under the rude implement. He asked the boy a few questions—was answered with great intelligence and passionate enthusiasm for the art in which he was working. He took him home, gave him a little work to perform, and, fairly charmed by the promising genius of the youth, and his apparently fine disposition, he gave him the means of proceeding to Rome, and a letter to an eminent sculptor there. At the end of twelve succeeding years the boy returned to Ireland, one of the most promising of the Roman School, of which Thorwaldsen was then the chief. The fame of the Irish youth had reached his compatriots, and the Brotherhood of the Catholic Church in Clarendon street soon sent him an order for an "Ecce Homo"—and he accompanied his own work to the land of his nativity. His work was accepted, and considered a miracle of talent. Other works of his found their way to public notice. One was presented to the writer of this note, a shepherd sleeping by his dog, which obtained the suffrages of all who were highest in the Irish metropolis—but his reputation fell into the sere and yellow leaf of utter neglect from the want of patronage—the patronage of party, which he had no means, or did not seek to obtain. He worked on hopelessly and helplessly in that country of all others in Europe, the one where native talent is least noticed, and least rewarded. He worked, drooped, sickened, and died within the last few weeks, leaving behind him a still young Italian wife, and eleven children unprovided for.—*Sydney Morgan.*

LISBON.—Our sail up the Tagus was very interesting, and the features of Lisbon grow upon you in very fine gradation; the outer forts, one of them Bugio, set by itself in the sea; then the fanciful Moresco-looking fort of Belem; then the mass of shipping, the greatest I think I have seen out of England, points out the place of the city; the palaces, old and modern, appear one on the low ground, the other on a bold point of hill; and Lisbon itself opens to you—mass after mass of white houses and churches, entirely covering, as it seems, a succession of undulating hills; the noble river below wide enough, and not too wide, to be the theatre of such a scene. As a mere pile of buildings, it is grander, I think, than Naples. I cannot, indeed, after the short view I have had, quite account for the effect it produces on you; of architectural beauty there is but little; no one very striking edifice. In picturesque effect it is far and far inferior to the beautiful Genoa; yet, looking merely to the town itself, it dwells upon the mind with an effect of majesty that cannot be resisted. The neighboring scenery, except the fine expanse of river, does not help much; it is bleak and poor.—*Letters from Spain.*

GREAT FIRE IN CHRISTIANA.—On the 14th April the central part of the city was destroyed by fire. The Norwegian Credit Bank was burned. The books and valuables, however, were saved.

EXPULSION OF CHARLES EDWARD FROM FRANCE IN 1748.—The particulars of Charles Edward's expulsion from France in 1748 are related as follows in Lord Stanhope's *History of England*: "At the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the French Court, though willing to relinquish Charles's cause, and to stipulate his exclusion from their territories, were not wholly unmindful of his interests nor of their promises. They proposed to establish him at Friburg in Switzerland, with the title of Prince of Wales, a company of guards, and a sufficient pension. In Charles's circumstances there was certainly no better course to take than to accept these terms; but the lower he sank in fortunes the higher he thought himself bound to rise in spirit. He placed a romantic point of honor in braving the 'orders from Hanover,' as he called them, and positively refused to depart from Paris. Threats, entreaties, arguments were tried on him in vain. He withstood even a letter obtained from his father at Rome, and commanding his departure. He still, perhaps, nourished some secret expectation that King Louis would not venture to use force against a kinsman; but he found himself deceived. As he went to the opera on the evening of the 11th December, his coach was stopped by a party of French guards, himself seized, bound hand and foot, and conveyed with a single attendant to the State prison of Vincennes, where he was thrust into a dungeon seven feet wide and eight long. After this public insult, and a few day's confinement, he was carried to Pont de Beauvoisin, on the frontier of Savoy, and there restored to his wandering and desolate freedom."

"THE WRONG MAID, SIR."—A couple residing in the neighborhood of Bridestone, Devon, went to the parish church to be married. The bridegroom, instead of taking his intended bride at the church door and accompanying her to the altar, walked thither with the bride's sister, who was one of the bridesmaids. The bride appeared to have thought that her intended husband had changed his mind at the last moment, and she retired into a pew in a very dejected state of mind. The ceremony proceeded, and it was not until the clergyman came to the important question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" that the bridegroom was conscious of his mistake. He then looked round the church with astonishment, and exclaimed: "This is the wrong maid, Sir." The right maid was soon found; the ceremony was again commenced, and the right maid was married to the right man, much to the satisfaction of all parties.

SKETCH OF A GENTLEMAN.—Moderation, decorum, and neatness, distinguish the gentleman: he is at all times affable, diffident, and studious to please. Intelligent and polite, his behavior is pleasant and graceful. When he enters the dwelling of an inferior, he endeavors to hide, if possible, the difference between their rank in life; ever willing to assist those around him, he is neither unkind, haughty, nor overbearing. In the mansions of the great, the correctness of his mind induces him to bend to etiquette, but not to stoop to adulation; correct principle cautions him to avoid the gaming table, inebriety, or any other foible that could occasion him self-reproach. Pleased with the pleasures of reflection, he rejoices to see the gaieties of society and is fastidious upon no point of little import.—*Family Economist.*

A TAILOR'S DUEL.—A curious duel has just taken place near the town of Rander, in Denmark. The combatants were two journeymen tailors, who, after quarrelling over their cups, determined to settle the dispute in a gentleman-like manner. As no pistols were at hand, they procured two muskets, which were loaded, and the distance was fixed at 60 paces. The party considered the aggrieved party fired first, and his opponent fell to the ground. The former, thinking he had killed his man, threw away his musket, and took to his heels, when the latter, who had merely fallen from fright at the report, jumped up, and ran after him, calling him to stop, as he had a right to have a shot also. Both were shortly after arrested, and the muskets confiscated.

DISEMBODIMENT OF THE MILITIA.—Orders will shortly be issued for the disembodiment of ten militia regiments. It is found, we believe, that the regiments do not fulfil the anticipated purpose of becoming nurseries for the line. The recruiting of the one service clashes with the other, and when commanding officers have got a good corps together they do not like to part with their men.—*United Service Gazette.*

PRISON OCCUPATION.—Orsini, whose talent and taste for music were well known, passed much of his time during the last few days of his existence in noting down and scoring off some old patriotic songs of Italy. Among others Dall' Ongaro's "Tre Colori," which roused the people of Sienna in 1848; and which was found written out, words and music, entirely in his own hand.

A LABORER THE WINNER OF A MATHEMATICAL PRIZE AT COLLEGE.—The joint winner of the Simpson Mathematical £60 prize at King's College, Aberdeen, was Donald Robertson. Mr. Robertson, says the *Banff Journal*, has, up to the last six months, worked all the summer at farm labor, earning thereby sufficient to enable him to attend the college classes during the winter.

SAD FATE OF A ROYAL RELIC.—The gold watch which Charles gave Jane Lane, and which he requested might descend as an heirloom to the eldest daughter of the house of Lane, for the time being, was till lately at Charlescote house, near Stratford-on-Avon, from whence it was stolen, and melted down in some Birmingham receiving house.—*Westminster Review.*

The town of Velletri has been the theatre of a strange drama. The cathedral possessed a famous image of the Madonna. In the Holy Week this image is screened from public view. One morning the priests discovered that it had been stolen. The chief priest received, the next morning, a note signed "Vendetta," a brigand, offering to restore the image if his brother were released, and himself pardoned and pensioned. The authorities demurred. Vendetta lowered his terms; but the negotiation made no progress. On Easter Sunday, finding no image in its place, the people grew furious. Vendetta suddenly appeared in the cathedral, and declared that he was ready to restore the image if the government would perform its part. By temporizing, however, the authorities obtained their opportunity to seize both the brigand and the image, restoring the statue to the cathedral and transmitting Vendetta to Rome.

Every year, in autumn, hundreds and even thousands of the shepherdsof Transylvania emigrate with their flocks of sheep, goats, and horses into Moldavia and Wallachia. They cross the Danube at Giurgevo, Calarach, Ibrail, and Galatz, to winter in the immense pastures of Eastern Bulgaria, between Varna and Touldja, and in the low plains of the Dobrudcha. In order to give an idea of the importance of this branch of agricultural industry, it may be stated that, during the year for which the last statistical returns have been sent in, flocks from Transylvania crossed the Danube, containing 5,095 horses, 4,453 goats, and 623,353 sheep, the value of the whole being estimated at 1,812,500 florins. These flocks were in the care of 4,189 shepherds.

At no time has France ever had so many vessels of war afloat, or so large a reserve as at present. Orders have been sent to the various maritime prefects to call out all the men between the ages of twenty and forty, who have not served for the full period of four years required by the maritime conscription. Further orders of the most pressing kind have been sent to these functionaries to prosecute their task with the utmost activity. Moreover, the authorities at Cherbourg have received notice that the huge *arriere bassin*, or dock, blasted out of the solid rock, must be ready by the beginning of summer. What does it all mean?—*Observer.*

Died at Mill lane, Burton-end, Mowbray, Mary Ann Hinman, known far and near as "the female blacksmith," who, of her own choice, followed her father's trade, and assisted in the general business of the forge, but excelled most in the "shoeing" department, which she managed with admirable tact and skill, and might often be seen with leather apron and muscular arms leading or riding a high-bred hunter home through the streets to its stable.—*Leicester Chronicle.*

A letter from Mostar in Bosnia, informs us that the Turkish troops, at that date, remained at their camp of Stolaz, and that it is not probable that hostilities will commence for some time to come. Kadri Pasha and Selim Pasha have 12,000 troops under their orders, and of them one-third are regulars. The Pashas have, moreover, 2,000 irregular cavalry. The majority of those troops are at two days' march from Trebinye, but they do not show any disposition to move there.

It is not generally known that Mr. Disraeli, when only a young man of some 22 years of age, involved himself for the present Emperor of the French to such a degree that it became necessary for one or the other to leave England, and that Mr. Disraeli, with designs upon some constituency, consented, for the sake of his friend, to forego his cherished projects. He went abroad—first to Rome, and then to Palestine—and to this enforced tour we owe "Tancred."

Preparations for the work of the emancipation of the serf are going on in Russia with activity. A letter from St. Petersburg states that a new journal has just been founded in that capital, under the title of the *Journal of Landed Proprietors*, the editors of which announce that they intend to devote their columns specially to the propagation of the great measure of reform undertaken by the Emperor Alexander.

A frightful accident occurred lately at Madrid, (in Spain.) A house in the Calle Mantua, in the Central part of Madrid, and which was occupied by a goldsmith, was burnt to the ground, and an entire family, consisting of father, mother, six children, and a female servant, all perished in the flames. The accident is said to be owing to an escape of gas.

According to the *Moniteur de l'Armee*, orders have been issued by the Minister of War to the generals of divisions and sub-divisions, to cause the colonels of regiments to have military bands instructed in pieces of sacred music, ancient as well as modern, which may be performed at religious ceremonies or at funerals, all appropriate to circumstances and to places.

The *Moniteur* states that 132 vessels, fitted out at Dunkirk and Gravelines, for the cod fishery off Iceland, sailed from those ports on the 1st of April. They were manned by 3,054 men, and gauged at 11,502 tons—117 of those belonged to Dunkirk, and 15 to Gravelines. Last year the whole number amounted to 120 ships only.

The *Globe* states that the person signing himself "Henry Cavendish," and dating from "Hantes Alpes," and who lays claim to the Devonshire peerage, is a convicted swindler, confined in the gaol of Embrun.

Two floating batteries are about to be laid down, one at Toulon, the other at Brest; both cased in iron. They are to be propelled by screw-engines, of 1,000 horse power.

Dr. Rhuders, physician, has set to music the palpitations and irregular beatings of the heart of a female who is a patient in the hospital at Upsal. "This disease, written in musical notes, with quavers and semi-quavers, forms a kind of waltz, and is one of the greatest curiosities of pathological anatomy."—*Swedish paper.*

A number of young women and girls are still employed in the mines of Cornwall, the act passed by the Legislature some years ago, prohibiting the employment of females in coal mines, not reaching the Cornish tin and copper mines. The physicial, social, and moral degradation is what might be expected.

The breeding of rabbits has, during the last five or six years, assumed a great extention in Belgium. Every week not fewer than 50,000 are sent into England from Ghent, Eccloo, Thielt, and Ruysselede. At Ghent, also, an extensive business is done in preparing rabbit skins for exportation to France, Russia and America.

The son of Sefer Pasha has dicovered, by means of intercepted letters, a plot organized in Circassia in favor of Russia. The Hungarian Bangya, who had taken service with the Circassians, had confessed his share in the plot, and had been condemned to death, with several emissaries of the Russian General Philipson.

Abd-el-Kader contributes a very remarkable paper to the *Revue Contemporaine* of Paris. He enters on the topic of Arab horses, and sets out with the statement that as Adam was made of red clay the first horse was created out of a southerly wind which was condensed into a quadruped.

A man was cured of hydrophobia, in Italy, lately, by swallowing vinegar in mistake for a medical potion. A physician at Padua heard of this, and tried the remedy on a patient. He gave him a pint of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and a third at sunset, which cured him.

Count d'Heliand, keeper of the archives in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, has just died at the age of sixty-two. He was a remarkably fine penman, and it was he who executed all the copies of the treaty of the peace of Paris, of March, 1856.

Doctor Chomel, head physician to the great Metropolitan Hotel Dieu, has just died of cancer. He was family attendant on Louis Philippe, and resigned his high function in the hospital because he would not take the oath to the Emperor.

A monument consisting of a polished block of Peterhead granite, bearing a bronze medallion, profile and inscription, has been placed in Dryburgh Abbey to the late J. G. Lockhart, Esq., the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott.

The entire French army is to be vaccinated. Detachments of men from the different garrisons of Paris are now marched to the Academy of Medicine every Tuesday morning, and are there operated upon.

A boy, 10 years of age, who was committed to the Dumfries prison for 40 days for stealing six turnips, hung himself from an iron bar in his cell. When cut down he was dead.

Intelligence from Naples speaks of more shocks of earthquake in the Lower Principality, inflicting damage on the towns of Sapri, Casaletto, and Vibonati.

The formation of a camp at Gaeta is seriously spoken of. Count Trapani, the king's brother, has resigned the command of the Royal Guards, in consequence of a difference with his Majesty.

A French Imperial decree grants to Messrs. Byrne, colonists in Australia, 40,000 hectolitres of the most fertile part of New Caledonia, on condition of introducing 1,000 emigrants.

A sum of 4,000 francs have been subscribed at Venice towards the erection of a monument at Paris, to the memory of Daniel Manin, the Italian patriot.

There are 5,782 proprietors of India stock, 1,032 of whom are females; 1,663 possess £1,000 and upwards of stock, and are thus qualified to vote.

It is stated that the French riflemen are to be armed with double-barrelled guns; and that the experiment will be made with a few companies at first.

The Marquis of Normanby has subscribed a thousand francs to the Lamartine fund. Paris alone has subscribed up to this moment 50,000f. for the relief of Lamartine.

Alderman Monk, convicted of forgery, has chosen as the hard labor to which he is to apply himself during his imprisonment, "knitting cotton nightcaps."

The Liberal party in Italy has sustained a loss by the death at Florence of the Pope's cousin, Count Pietro Ferretti, of Ancona.

It is now understood that the design of sending out a new Arctic expedition this spring will be persevered in.

Mr. Spurgeon has been preaching at Birmingham and Halifax to immense congregations.

General Ventura, whose long career under Runjeet Singh is matter of history, died at Toulouse.

Omer Pasha has despatched from Bagdad an expedition against the neighboring hostile tribes.

50,000 unemployed persons are being maintained in Glasgow by a relief committee.

Benjamin Sutton, Esq., has left £30,000 for the endowment of an infirmary at Leicester.

Colonel Verdugo, deputy to the Spanish Cortes, has been severely wounded in a duel.

Portland, Jersey, Alderney, and Guernsey are to be joined by telegraph.

HOME MISCELLANY.

FIGHT WITH A ROCK RIVER WILDCAT.—A Janesville correspondent gives us an account, says the Chicago *Times*, of a desperate fight which occurred near that place a few days since, between a hunter named John Weber, and a ferocious wildcat: "Weber and a few others—all amateur sportsmen—were hunting for rabbits skirting the banks of Rock River. Weber was some distance from his companions. Supposing he had burrowed a rabbit on the top of the bluff, which was then above one hundred feet above the water, he procured a stick and undertook to dislodge the game by the punching process. His efforts were too successful, for, instead of a rabbit, a formidable-looking wildcat sprang out of the hole and 'pitched in' for a fight. Weber, not knowing the nature of his antagonist, was taken at a disadvantage. He had no knife, and the wildcat's teeth and claws were sharp. The bank was very steep, and at the first onset Weber lost his footing, and the hunter and wildcat rolled in a rought-and-tumble embrace at the bottom. Weber at first tried to get away from his antagonist, but found there was no back-out in that battle. There was no way bot to fight it out. It was a battle for life or death, and the cat was most at home in that sort of a contest. Weber then tried to throttle the monster, but soon found his claws were in the way. After rolling down the bank, a distance of about ninety feet from where the fight commenced, the hunter succeeded in getting uppermost of his antagonist, when he hastily halloed 'Murder!' This brought one of his companions to the rescue, who, crawling down the steep bank, placed his rifle to the wildcat's head and made a hole through it. The wildcat then gave up beat. The hunter was thus released from the ferocious beast, except that the teeth of the latter were still clenched upon his hands, and it was with some difficulty that the hold was released. It was found that Weber had been bit through the hands five times, besides numerous severe scratches upon his body. The wounded parts immediately commenced swelling in an alarming manner, and he was visited by dizziness and faintness to such a degree that his companions were obliged to carry him home, and provide medical assistance. He was found to be severely but not dangerously wounded. The wildcat was one of the ordinary Northern species, and weighed twenty pounds."

MORGAN, THE RIFLEMAN.—Morgan was a wagoner in the French and Indian war. He was once insulted by a British officer, and severely punished by another, for which he vowed vengeance. At the beginning of the Revolutionary war he raised a company of riflemen which he drilled to perfection and instructed in the keen, unfailing aim of the backwoodsmen. At the battle of Saratoga, seeing the day was going against the Americans, by the reason of the extraordinary skill and energy of General Frazer, he resolved to resort to the only measure conceivable to arrest the tide of battle that threatened to overwhelm them. Summoning to his presence the best marksman in his command, whose aim was never known to fail, he said to him: "Murphy, do you see that officer on the iron-grey horse?" "Yes, sir," replied the old soldier. Morgan rejoined, with almost faltering voice, "then do your duty." Murphy ascended a tree, cut away the interlaced branches with his hatchet, (this was a part of their variegated armor,) rested his rifle in a sure place, watched his opportunity, and as soon as General Frazer had, in his animated movements, come within practical range, Murphy fired, and the General fell mortally wounded, being shot in the centre of his body. That fall decided the day. The enemy soon gave way, and Saratoga became immortal. But Morgan, the rough soldier, was a man of tender feelings, and he almost wept at the deed, and always said it troubled him, because it looked so much like a kind of assassination of a brave and noble officer.

METAL TIPS TO BOOTS AND SHOES.—The saving in shoe leather which the small metallic tip on the toe of the boot or shoe effects is very great, and the invention is one of practical utility. Children are remarkably fond of kicking out the toes of their little shoes, thus rendering them useless and making it necessary that another pair should be procured, although no other part of the former pair is injured. By the use of these tips, which may be made of silver, copper, iron or any other malleable metal, the boot or shoe may be worn until it is really "done up," and they are so secured that so long as any portion of the sole remains, the tip will be held fast. They do not increase the weight of the shoe above half an ounce or an ounce. It is the invention of G. A. Mitchell, of Turner, Me., and was patented on the 5th of January last. Economically speaking, there is no doubt of its value, as one pair of boots or shoes—men's, ladies' or children's—can be made to last nearly twice the time they would without the tips.—*Scientific American.*

A MONSTER GRAPE VINE.—A Los Angelos correspondent of the *Alta California* writes as follows: "At Montecito, four miles from Santa Barbara, there is a grape vine, probably the largest in the world. Its dimensions and yield would be incredible, were it not that my informant is a man of veracity, and he spoke from personal observation. It is a single vine, the main stock being ten feet in diameter. It is trained upon a trellis sixty feet in diameter. My informant, with another person, counted 7,000 bunches, and the estimate yield was 18,000 pounds of fruit. Can this be beaten?"

THE BUCKS COUNTY HERMIT.—The Doylestown (Pa.) *Democrat* tells all about the man captured by force in a cave on Buckingham mountain, and to which we alluded in our last. It says: "It proved to be a man named Albert Larpe, who was born and raised in the adjacent valley, but was seen only occasionally for many years. He stated that he had been an inhabitant of this cave for more than forty years, and had purchased his clothes and food at villages several miles distant. His beard was long, and the furniture of his cell consisted of a few boards, some straw, and some rude vessels for holding water and cooking his meals. It is said that the residents of the valley have for many years frequently discovered smoke issuing from the Wolf Rocks, but as no one was known to inhabit them, it was supposed to be fog, or occasioned by some optical illusion for which the most scientific men were never able to make any satisfactory explanation. Larpe labors under a strange hallucination of mind and has not occupied the cell more than half as long as he thinks he has. Even within the last twenty years he has frequently been seen in the neighborhood weeks at a time, and then would disappear for a long time, no one in the valley knowing his whereabouts. It is now supposed that the Wolf Rocks have been his retreat at these times when he wished to be secluded from the world."

A SHEPHERD'S DOG.—A friend of ours who owns a large ranch and several hundred head of sheep, is the fortunate possessor of one of the best dogs in the State. The intelligent creature was brought up among the sheep, nourished upon ewes milk, his whole life being passed with the flock and devoted to its defence. He has been taught to open and shut the fold into which they are driven at night, and he cares for them with all the apparent thoughtfulness that a human being could display. In the morning when the flock is driven to the field, he goes with it, selects some commanding place, and watches the sheep during the whole day, driving up the stragglers, and allowing no one but those with whom he is acquainted to approach. Should an ewe drop a lamb and pass on with the herd without noticing it, as she sometimes will, he has been known to take it up, and carrying it after her, compel her to take care of it; at night, drives the sheep into the pen, fastens the door after him, and seating himself in their midst, lays there watching them all night. In the morning he unfastens the door, drives out his charge to the pasture and keeps ward and watch until night comes. In fact, so faithful is he, that his master frequently absents himself from the ranch, for days together, with perfect reliance upon his dog, to find all safe when he returns.—*California Fireman's Journal.*

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.—The Glen's Falls *Republican* gives a long account of a novel way of paying old debts. A "citizen of standing," whose autograph was in the possession of a large number of gentlemen residing in and about Glen's Falls, suddenly became "melancholy," and spent most of his time in lonely meditation beside lamp posts and other convenient "leaning" places, while it began to be whispered that he was insane, and the remark "poor fellow," fell from the lips of all his friends and acquaintances. At length the melancholy gentleman disappeared, and it was feared that he had "made away" with himself. The holders of his autograph offered to dispose of the same at a heavy discount. Fortunately for them, as they supposed, a person was found who offered to purchase the demands against the missing man, and did so for a mere trifle. A few days after all the notes and accounts had been thus purchased, the misanthrope reappeared, and hunting up his friend who had *run the risk* of purchasing the demands, handed over to him the amount advanced, and thus paid all his debts at a discount of 75 per cent. He is now ready to commence operations anew, with a handsome cash capital!

OLD COIN DISCOVERED.—The Kingston *Republican* states that Mr. Jas. Oakley, near Stone Ridge, Ulster County, in enlarging the cellar of his old house, for the purpose of rebuilding, dug up a deposit of old gold and silver coin, that must have been buried there for over sixty years. The coins consisted of four gold pieces —one a "Josephus," a Portuguese coin, of the date 1754, and three of the same country, "Carolus Rex," two dated 1758, the other 1761. About twenty silver Spanish dollars and other small coins were found with them, of the date of the eighteenth century. They were found carefully deposited in a stratum of slate rock, and covered with a flat stone. The deposit was probably made during the Revolution, as the Oakley family have owned the premises nearly sixty years. It was purchased by them of the Rapalje family, who were styled Tories. The value of the coin is about $100.

BOUND FOR THE WARS.—The steamer Kentucky brought up from Big Bone Lick, lately, twelve stalwart looking men, Kentuckians, accoutered and armed to the teeth, prepared to do battle for their country in Utah. They do not design to join any regiment, nor to attach themselves to any division of the army; they claim to go on their own hook, simply as volunteers, and as soon as the war begins, they will fight where they please, without being governed by army tactics. They will leave to-day for St. Louis, and from thence will strike the frontier and await the progress of events. In a close-handed, rough-and-tumble fight, they look as if they could clean out twice their number of ordinary men.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A NARROW ESCAPE.—One day last week, says the Rome *Sentinel*, four females, one of them a young girl, were riding in a buggy on the tow path between here and New London, when the horse which they were driving met another team and stopped; the horse then commenced backing and before he could be made to go-ahead he backed the wagon, girls and himself into the water. The females were in the water for a little while, and came near drowning before assistance came to hand. When three of them were rescued, they looked around, but could not see the little girl any where; the horse was swimming towards the opposite bank, yet hitched to the buggy; in clambering up the bank and drawing the buggy after him, the little girl was discovered *clinging to the buggy, both arms around the axle!* As the buggy ascended the bank, she was shaken off into the water, and soon thereafter taken up. She had been under water some minutes, and her escape may be considered almost miraculous.

AN AFFIANCED BRIDE MISSING.—A respectable and wealthy farmer of Chester County, Pa., visited Philadelphia lately, with his eldest daughter, a girl about 19 years of age, for the purpose of purchasing her wedding suit. She left her father for the purpose of examining some bonnets, with instructions to meet him soon afterwards in the upper part of the city. Since that moment she had not been heard of. Although every effort has been made by the friends of the family to learn her whereabouts. The question is, has she eloped or been murdered?—*Troy Budget?*

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.—The Indianapolis *Journal* tells a funny story on the Sheriff of that county. The day before the escape of Shears, and the other prisoners, they were complaining of the jail fair, whereupon the Sheriff facetiously advised them, if they didn't like the board, to *leave.* They left.

OHIO CITIES.—The populations of some of the principal cities of the State are as follow: Cincinnati, 200,000; Cleveland, 60,000; Columbus, 25,000; Dayton, 16,000; Toledo, 14,000; Zanesville, 12,000; Steubenville, 10,000; Chillicothe, 10,000; Sandusky, 10,000; Springfield, 8,000. No other city has more than 5,000.

AN AGED BRIDE.—The Petersburg *Express* records the marriage, in Dinwiddie Co., Va., on the 17th ult., of Mr. John W. Sturdivant, in the 22d year of his age, to the amiable and well-to-do Miss Martha Oliver, aged 86 years.

In Louisiana, in one of Parish Courts, his Honor Kiah Rodgers was presiding—old "Ky," they usually call him. Old Ky was passing sentence on a criminal, and delivered himself as follows: "Prisoner, stand up! Mr. Kettles, this Court is under the painful necessity of passing sentence of the law upon you, Sir. This Court has no doubt, Mr. Kettles, but what you were brought into this scrape by the use of intoxicating liquor. The friends of this Court all *knows* that ef thar is any vice this Court abhors, it is intemperance. When this Court was a young man, Mr. Kettles, it was considerably inclined to drink; and the friends of this Court *knows*, that this Court has *naterally* a very high temper, and if this Court had not stopped short off, and stopped the use of intoxicating liquor, I have no doubt, Sir, but what this Court, Sir, would have been in the Penitentiary *or in its grave!*"

Lake George is fast becoming one of the most popular places of Summer resort in our country. Situated as it is in our healthy Northern climate—surrounded by primeval forests, which abound in game—filled with every species of the finny tribe—abounding in grand and picturesque scenery—dotted by almost numberless Islands—every nook and corner rendered classic as the theatre of bloody deeds, wherein our countrymen or the aborigines played conspicuous parts,—Lake George possesses many atiractions that few other "watering places" can boast. When is added to this the substantial and luxurious accommodations for travellers, we cannot see why pleasure-seekers should perfer a trip to Europe, fraught as it must be by many dangers and enormous expense, to a quiet Summer at Lake George.

It is stated that several men of wealth in New York, Buffalo and Chicago, have it in contemplation to establish somewhere in the West a leviathan farm, of from 100,000 to 200,000 acres. Their object is to do for agriculture, by the use of combined wealth and the power of machinery, what has been done in the past half century by the railroad and factory, to supersede the old stage coach and the spinning wheel. They will organize the vast tract into two realized establishments, with a military organization of labor, gigantic machinery to plow, plant, reap and render harvests; vast herds of horses, sheep and cattle of the most select stock, and the cultivation of fruit and grains on a grand scale.

The monopoly which will be held by the owners of the great-Atlantic telegraph, if the project succeeds, has stimulated the formation of another company which is working in secret, but actively, for the laying down of another telegraph from Boston to the Azores, and from the Azores to Lisbon; a route quite as short in its longest distance as the other and quite as practicable. Lisbon is in instantaneous connection with all the capitals of Europe, just as much as the Irish ports at which the Northern cable will stop; so that it will possess exactly the same advantages as the other.

St. Paul, Minnesota, is well supplied with banking houses. The *Times*, of the 31st ult., chronicles the opening of the thirteenth in that bank-favored city.

There is a vein of coal in Broad Mountain, Pa., which has been on fire for 21 years. It has extended several hundred yards, marking its progress by deep ruts sunk into the earth and by charred vegetation on the surface. Steam and smoke escape from the surface over where it is now burning. Many attempts have been made to extinguish the fire, but ineffectually.

A party of young men were out hunting recently, near Brookville, Ky., and were seated around a fire, when one of them, in attempting to knock off the hat of a young man named Ellis, struck him on the back of the neck with his hand. Ellis took to his bed the next day, and after much suffering died. His physicians declared the spinal marrow to have been injured by the blow.

The Boston *Transcript* says that two gentlemen from that city recently joined a party of gunners at Monomy Point, Chatham, for the purpose of shooting Brant. During the last few days they bagged two hundred and twenty-eight brant, two Canada geese, and two black ducks. The party occupied three boxes, from two of which, containing four gunners, all but seventeen brant were killed.

When an infidel production was submitted—probably by Paine—to Benjamin Franklin, in manuscript, he returned it to the author with a letter from which the following is extracted: "I would advise you not to attempt to *unchain the tiger*, but to burn this piece before it is seeen by any other person. If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be *without it!*"

The postage charged in Russia on a single newspaper from the United States is forty-five cents. The American officials express the opinion that, by the postal treaty between the two countries, the six cents paid on each paper on this side of the Atlantic is all that should be exacted. Boston and New York papers are expensive luxuries in Russia.

The column shafts of the new dome of the Capitol (of which there are thirty-six) weigh each about nine thousand nine hundred pounds. The brackets upon which they stand weigh each six thousand six hundred pounds. All good judges unite in praising the fine proportions of these columns.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

A genius in New York named Hatfield, known as "the chief mourner," who has been in the habit of attending funerals, mingling, with watery eyes and a white pocket-handkerchief, among the mourners, and picking their pockets as they stood about the coffin, has been arrested by the police.

An idler boasted to a farmer of his ancient family, laying much stress upon his having descended from an illustrious man who lived several generations ago. "So much the worse for *you*," replied the farmer, "for we find the older the seed the poorer the crop."

The maple sugar season in Vermont is about over, the crop being a full average one, or a trifle less than three pounds to the tree. Last year was an extraordinary season, the yield being over five pounds to the tree.

The Davenport, Iowa, *News* says that emigration up to the Missouri river this season is unprecedented; it is estimated that emigrants are pouring into the territories at the rate of three thousand a day.

The oldest clock in America is one in the Philadelphia Library, which is nearly two centuries old. It was made in London, keeps good time, and is said to have been owned by Oliver Cromwell.

Some one has said of those who die young, that they are like the lambs which Alpine shepherds bear in their arms to higher, greener pastures, that the flocks may follow.

An order, it is said, has just been issued from the ordinance office for four thousand Colt's revolvers, six hundred to be delivered immediately.

The horse and carriage of the Mayor of Boston were lately seized by the Police, for standing in Court Square longer than the law allows.

The journeymen shoemakers of Philadelphia now demand a restoration of the prices which they obtained before the recent panic.

The first woollen mill on the Pacific coast has been set in operation at Salem, Oregon, with four hundred and eighty spindles.

Tuckerman, the mail-robber, has been sentenced to twenty-one years' imprisonment at hard labor.

A few grains of roasted coffee eaten immediately after eating onions removes at once the odor from the breath.

The Knoxville (Tenn.) *Whig* notices the arrival there of a car-load of ice from Boston, through from Savannah, Ga., in 33 hours.

No printer belonging to a Typographical Union can obtain employment in Vicksburgh, Mississippi.

The Indianapolis papers find fau't with Gov. Willard for pasturing his cow in the State-House yard.

The beech trees are in full bloom in Southern Illinois.

Near 500,000,000 feet of lumber was received at Chicago last year.

A bill preventing the marriage of first cousins has passed the Kentucky Legislature.

Eleanor Robinson, 104 years of age, is among the paupers at Tewksbury, Mass., almshouse.

Never stop to talk in a church aisle after service is over.

Strawberries are selling in Augusta, Ga., at 50 cents per quart.

NEW YORK TABLET.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,
At the Office, 164 *William Street*,
NEW YORK.

Commencement of a New Volume OF THE NEW YORK TABLET.

A NEW FEATURE IN THE NEW VOLUME.

We will commence a new volume of the New York Tablet on the 5th June next, when we will, at considerable additional expense, present an entirely new feature, in the shape of a Full Page of Music, in each number, containing a popular song, with accompaniment for the pianoforte.

Our readers will observe, that a page of music of the same size as the Tablet, is equal to two of the ordinary sized music pages.

Stories will appear weekly from the pen of Mrs. J. Sadlier, who will write exclusively for the Tablet.

The Editorial Columns will be under the charge of a gentleman every way competent to discharge that duty with judgment and ability.

The City News and Selections will be attended to by the same gentleman who has had charge of those departments since the paper came into our hands, and has performed his task to the satisfaction of our readers.

During the past year our paper has met with the most flattering success—it has received praise from all quarters, and its circulation has been nearly doubled. This fact, when we consider the late commercial revulsion, is the best evidence that the Tablet is known and appreciated.

We are determined, on our part, to spare no expense to make the Tablet still more useful and interesting; and in order to enable us to carry out our views, we would respectfully request Catholic parents to use their influence in extending its circulation.

REASONS WHY CATHOLICS SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR THE NEW YORK TABLET.

I. It is admitted on all hands to be the best Catholic Family Paper published in America.

II. It contains a third more reading matter than any paper of its class.

III. It contains a Popular Song every week, with Music arranged for the Pianoforte, worth more than the price paid for the paper.

IV. Its Stories are of a choice character—interesting, without containing anything offensive to Faith or Morals.

V. Its Editorials on various subjects are of the highest interest to every Catholic.

VI. It gives the latest Catholic Intelligence from all parts of the world; its Irish News department is the most copious, and its selections of Anecdotes, useful Receipts, and Miscellaneous Items are of the most entertaining and useful description.

VII. It has regular Correspondence from London, Paris, Moscow and Washington, and occasional Correspondence from various parts of the United States, and British America.

VIII. It has a well digested summary of the News of the Day, and carefully prepared Reviews of the New York Markets.

IX. It is a paper which Catholic parents can safely introduce into their families, as every theme which might be injurious to Religion and Morality will be excluded from its columns.

Terms:

Single Copies	6 cents.
Mail Subscribers per Annum, in advance	$2 50
Served by Carrier	3 00
Five Copies (to one address)	8 00
Ten " "	15 00

Larger Clubs in proportion.

If sent separately, 20 cents per copy extra will be charged for writing each subscriber's name on his paper.

☞ U. S. Postage added to Canadian and Old Country Subscribers.

INDUCEMENTS TO SUBSCRIBE.

To any person remitting $2 50 in advance, we will send a splendid Steel Engraving of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York, same size as the Tablet, and convenient either for framing or binding with the volume.

To persons sending us $6 in advance for three copies of the Tablet (sent separately, if necessary), we will send any 50 cent book of our own Publication, and three Portraits of the Most Rev. Archbishop, on their remitting us eighteen cents in postage stamps.

*** Larger lists in proportion.

All letters and communications should be addressed "New York Tablet," 164 William street, New York.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,
Publishers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. M. K., St. Louis.—By referring to a late number of the Tablet you will see that the subject you have chosen has been already treated. We should be happy to hear from you again.

J. M. S.—Your article has been received, but came to hand too late for publication in the present number.

NEW YORK TABLET.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1858.

OUR NEW STORY.

In the first number of our coming volume will be commenced a new and ably written story entitled "The Confessions of an Apostate." It is from the graceful and prolific pen of Mrs. J. Sadlier, and will equal, if not surpass in interest the previous popular and highly successful productions of that talented lady. Agents and dealers should send in their orders as speedy as possible.

TRIAL BY JURY.

Trial by Jury in Great Britain, in political cases, is, we fear, and ever will be, "a delusion, a mockery, and a snare," to use the expression employed on a celebrated occasion, by one of the judges before whom Simon Bernard was arraigned. The verdict given by the Jury in the case of the French conspirator, has afforded Lord Campbell an opportunity of judging if the consciences of British jurors have become more tender since he made use of an expression which has since become historical. There never was a case tried in which the evidence of the prisoner's guilt was clearer or more conclusive than in that of Bernard. It must be supposed that the jurors, before taking their seats in the Jury Box, had already individually made up their minds as to the verdict they would find. For, even admitting that the Act under which the indictment was framed, was stretched to cover the prisoner's offence, the jury had nothing whatever to do with the legal aspect of the case. They had solely to deal with the facts, subsequent decision on the points of law being the province of the highest legal tribunal in England. Yet, they seemed blind to the proof in which there was not a single hiatus and to have had solely before their eyes, the real or supposed desire, on the part of Napoleon III., to coerce the English Government into procuring a conviction. Mr. James, the prisoner's counsel, knew that certainty of acquittal lay in the prejudice of the Jury, and his speech was a long appeal to their national pride, and a violent and exaggerated attack on the French Emperor. It is astonishing to us that the judges did not check his irrelevancy, and we can only account for their exceeding toleration of his philippic by supposing that it was caused by the pressure of popular opinion. Mr. James knew the hopelessness of struggling with the compact mass of evidence against his client. He even admitted Bernard's complicity in the manufacture of the shells and the fulminating powder, in their transportation to Paris, but set up the puerile theory that they were prepared by Bernard for purposes of general revolution, and were applied, greatly to his astonishment, by Orsini and Pierri to the particular purpose of assassinating Napoleon III. Mr. James must have been sure of the men he had to deal with, for otherwise what lawyer of his eminence would place such an absurdity before twelve calm, dispassionate, reasoning men? His great point, though expressed in other words, was this: "If you bring in a verdict of guilty *it will be said* that you do so through fear of the French Emperor and his army." And this Jury of Englishmen preferred doing violence to their consciences to bearing, even unjustly, the reputation of fear.

There are two kinds of courage: that which dares the cannon's death-dealing globe, and that which, spite the derision or denunciation of the world, fearlessly follows the path of justice, content with the intimate approval of its own conscience. This latter kind is far the more elevated and far the more intense, and this it was that the mass of the English public and Bernard's Jury as their representative, lacked in this instance. They do not fear the French Emperor, but they fear it might be said they do.

The result of this trial and the abandoning of the charge of conspiracy against Bernard evidently show that the plotters against the peace of Europe may still weave their nefarious webs in London with impunity. Conspiracy Bills may be enacted, but of what use will legislation be as long as juries can be found to subordinate the cause of justice to national spite, to a mistaken notion of patriotism or to the dread of popular prejudice. Though we are conscious of the systematic exaggeration and persistent falsehood resorted to by the denouncers of Louis Napoleon, we have not written this article with a view to constituting ourselves his defenders or those of his system. We are merely prompted by a spirit of justice, and in that spirit we emphatically say that the decision of the Jury in the case of Simon Bernard was not a "true verdict given according to the evidence."

"DOWN ON THE IRISH."

The Editor of *Harper's Weekly* journal of civilization (!) who performs the rather difficult task of serving several masters of opposite opinions, dipping his pen in two inkstands: the weakly fluid of Franklin square, and the corrosive compound of the "double-team" daily published on the northwest corner of Fulton famed for tailors, and Nassau the academic, is particularly "down upon the Irish." In a late number of the *Weekly* its readers are informed that "common" murders are peculiar to no nation, but that "barbarous" ones are unduly frequent among the Irish. The Editor of *Harper's* does not avail himself of the opportunities afforded him by his connection with the daily referred to. By looking over its English exchanges for the two weeks previous to the departure of the *Europa*, he might have culled a bouquet of barbarities such as the Irish at home and abroad would have some difficulty in rivalling. A pretty case occurred in this city within a month, in which the actors were — not Irishmen— but Anglo-Saxons, like the Editor of the *Weekly*. On the 17th, a son of Albion, rejoicing in the familiar appellation of "Dusty Bob" and otherwise hight William Roberts, aided by two other wretches, cut off the ears of an Englishman named Jones, a bar-tender at 218 Ninth Avenue. The cause of the crime was this: "Dusty Bob," who is a patriot, enquired of Jones whether, in the event of a war between this country and England, he would fight for the land of his nativity or that of his adoption. Jones replied that he was now a citizen of the United States, and would fight for the country of which he was a citizen. Thereupon he was seized and held by two men, while "Dusty Bob" cut off his ears close to his head. Strange to say the nationality of the parties was not mentioned in the accounts published in the city journals! If they were Irishmen, what a cry of horror the Editor of the *Weekly* would raise!

The daily papers during the week have given the particulars of a horrible and heartless crime, which cannot be mentioned in these columns, the perpetrator of which was a young American female—we will not say, woman—nineteen years old! Will the *Weekly* please to make a note of it, for future reference?

We wonder that the Editor's connection with the daily alluded to in the commencement of this article, does not rub off his provincialism, and make him a little more cosmopolitan.

NOTICE TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE "NEW ERA."

We send the Tablet this week to all the Subscribers of the *New Era*, who are not already on our list. If they do not notify us to the contrary, we will consider them as Subscribers to the Tablet. Those who have paid in advance for the *New Era* will be supplied with our paper to the time their subscription expires.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

It is nothing new to say that St. Vincent de Paul was one of the greatest benefactors the world ever saw. Even the enemies of our holy faith—that faith which inspired his heroic devotion—are forced to admit that, the name of the humble priest, who in his lifetime dreaded the applause of men, has been long since placed by common consent amongst the great benefactors of our species; we teach our children to lisp his praise, and all generations delight to do him honor. But while dwelling with admiration on the almost superhuman works of charity which he accomplished, are we mindful of the fact that his spirit still lives amongst us in the Society which bears his name, a society well worthy of its illustrious patron? Although nothing more than an association of pious laymen, the good which this noble Society has done, and is still doing, is almost incredible. But, like the tender mercies of the Lord, its works are not seen of men, their beneficence falls like the dew of heaven, refreshing and comforting in silence and unseen, the poor, suffering members of Jesus Christ. The world takes little note of the doings of the Society, for, like its great patron, it shuns the praise and homage of a world whose spirit is entirely opposed to its own, but the sick, the sorrowful and destitute are well acquainted with its acts, and the court of heaven takes cognizance of them. Silently and calmly they go about doing good, seeking the poor and the wretched in their cheerless hovels, ministering to their wants, relieving their distress, smoothing their difficulties with kindly counsel, and turning their hearts to God by precept and example. No selfish object can ever enter into the mind of any member; the Society admits neither politics nor any other worldly interest into its deliberations—pride and vain-glory are alike excluded by the wise regulations of the Society, which keep all contributions secret—each member drops his mite into the common purse according to his means, but no one knows what his neighbor gives—admirable precaution against that vanity and ostentation which too often cast a blight on the most heroic acts of charity! Founded on such solid principles, the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul grows and flourishes wherever it is established as supernatural institutions only can. Its name is pronounced with blessings by the forlorn creatures everywhere relieved by its bounty, and in some cities we hardly hear of a poor family or of an individual being in miserable circumstances when we are told: "The St. Vincent de Paul Society have taken them in hands, God be praised!" Often have our hearts been touched by hearing this unconscious tribute to the zeal and tender charity of the brotherhood, and we have said to ourselves: Compared with this noble institution how do our Charitable and Benevolent societies, our Mutual Aids and all the rest sink into insignificance. In Rome and some other Catholic cities of the Old World there are societies associated for similar purposes, and on nearly similar principles, but here in the New World, the sublime task of watching over God's poor is divided between the Sisters of Charity and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul—both animated by the same spirit and both glorying in the same illustrious patronage. These thoughts have been suggested by glancing over the new *Life of St. Vincent de Paul** and the Rules of the Society of that name, both recently published by the Messrs. Sadlier. The one is, as it were, a supplement to the other, and both together are well calculated to impress the mind with renewed admiration for that Church which is the mother of saints, the guardian of the poor, and the nursery of all Christian charities.

**Life of St. Vincent de Paul*, by Henry Bedford, M. A. Rules of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

On the 28th ult., at the Church of the Nativity, the Most Rev. Archbishop administered Confirmation to 295 persons, 172 of whom were adults.

ANOTHER "THREATENING NOTICE."—We published in our last a short paragraph which was called forth by an article in the *Sunday Times*, on the recent action of the School Trustees of the Fourth Ward. When it devoted its "leader" of last Sunday to us, it might have dealt with our reference to Superintendent Randall's decision, and not have used its editorial space in endeavoring to misrepresent our remarks. We have no desire to interfere with the religious opinions of any class or sect, but we will not permit interference with our own, without a protest. Our reference to the antecedents of our cotemporary was merely to show the antiquity and purity of its Protestantism. The *Times* is surprised "that any gentleman presuming to call himself an American citizen could insinuate" what we certainly did not insinuate, but we must say at the same time that a great many "gentlemen presuming to call themselves American citizens" do a great many worse things every day. The *Times* proclaims itself a friend to the "largest liberty of conscience," but its ideas of that right seem to be: freedom for those of its own way of thinking and for nobody else. It expresses a fear that the Fourth-Warders are far below its own high standard of literary accomplishments. We think the writer of the article will be more indulgent to humbler talents, when he shall have analyzed (in company with a critical friend) the last sentence of his first paragraph.

The article closes with another "threatening notice" addressed to ourselves. The editor is evidently used to the menacing mood. We care little for such empty threats. The reasoning public of this city does not take its cue from the *Sunday Times*, and we feel assured that the efforts of that journal and a couple of others to rouse the demon of discord will be ineffectual.

PROGRESS OF THE REVIVAL.—A daily cotemporary, who has taken up the Revivals,—as a matter of business, we must do it the justice to say,—publishes a correspondence, stating that all the lawyers in New Haven have joined the Revival, and devote all the time they can spare from defending the wicked, to preaching for their conversion. The prisoners in Hampden County (Mass.) Jail have all risen like one criminal and given in their adhesion. This is progress with a vengeance. There may be less difficulty in confining the prisoners to their "prayer meetings" than in *retaining* the lawyers.

DEDICATION.—The new Church of St. Vincent de Paul, situate in Twenty-third street, near the Fifth Avenue, was dedicated on Sunday last. A large concourse of persons was in attendance. The ceremony of dedication was performed by his Grace the Archbishop. The Church was erected by the French congregation who heretofore worshipped in Canal street, and is under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Lafont. After the ceremony of dedication had been performed the Archbishop addressed those assembled, and concluded by hoping that the Italian and Spanish population would likewise erect churches. A pontifical High Mass was also celebrated. The Church is 125 feet deep, and has a front of 80 feet. The spires are 145 feet high. The ground and structure cost $85,000, and there are 156 pews capable of accomodating 800 persons.

ORDINATIONS.—On Monday, the feast of the finding of the Holy Cross, the Most Rev. Archbishop conferred minor orders and subdeaconship on the following gentlemen: Messrs. James L. Conron, John L. Doyle, John Orsenigo of St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham; also on Mr. William Clarke of the diocese of Hartford. On the following day, the above gentlemen were ordained Deacons. On Saturday, the feast of the Apparition of St. Michael, the Rev. Messrs. Conron, Doyle and Clarke, were promoted to the holy order of Priesthood.

Mr. J. B. Tully has been retained in the new Street Commissioner's office. Mr. Tully is a good and efficient officer.

OUR MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Consecration of Monseigneur Horan.—The Sermon on that solemn occasion.—The Banquet at the University of Laval.—Immense number of First Communicants in Quebec and Montreal.—Receptions and Professions in the Congregation Nunnery.—The Franciscan Fathers in Montreal.

MONTREAL, May 5th, 1858.

On Saturday last, the first day of May, a most interesting ceremony took place in Quebec, viz., the long-expected consecration of Monseigneur Horan, the new Bishop of Kingston. The consecration took place in St. Patrick's Church, which was tastefully decorated for the solemn occasion. Several members of the Canadian episcopate were present: their Lordships, Bishop Cooke of Three Rivers, Guigues of Bytown, Farrell of Hamilton, and Larocque of Montreal; also Bishop Pinsonault of New London, and Bishop Prince of St. Hyacinth, who acted as assistant prelates. The ceremony of consecration was performed by his Lordship the Coadjutor Archbishop of Quebec. A large number of priests were also present, amongst whom were the Very Rev. Mr. McDonald and the Very Rev. Mr. Dollard, Vicars-General of the diocese of Kingston; also Rev. Mr. Kelly and Rev. Dr. Chisholm, from the same diocese. Fully six thousand persons are stated to have witnessed the ceremony, every available corner of the Church being densely crowded. We can well imagine the satisfaction with which our brethren of Quebec regard the elevation of Monseigneur Horan to the episcopacy. Being a native of their own city, and still in the prime of life, they have seen him grow from youth to manhood, edifying all around by his genuine and most unostentatious virtue. Mild, affable, and yet grave and dignified beyond his years, all who know the new bishop will at once acknowledge his fitness for the office, at least as far as externals go, and as for the higher qualities of the mind and soul, the prelates of Canada would never have chosen him had they not known him to be largely endowed with the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Oliver Kelly of Brockville, on the text: "My youth shall be renewed like the eagles," which words the reverend gentleman aptly applied to the diocese of Kingston, so long widowed and sorrowing for the kindest and most paternal of bishops. The eloquence of the reverend preacher excited general admiration, as also the masterly skill with which he treated the subject. It must, doubtless, have been gratifying to the new bishop to hear one of his own priests deliver such a discourse on the day of his consecration. It is to be hoped that the clergy of that important diocese will hail the accession of their new diocesan with unmixed pleasure.

After the consecration, eight bishops and about two hundred priests were sumptuously entertained at the University of Laval, with which institution the new Bishop of Kingston has been for years honorably connected.

About a thousand children made their first Communion last week, in the different churches of Quebec, and on this day a very large number are receiving first Communion in Montreal. In St. Patrick's alone about 300 children of both sexes approached the Holy Table for the first time. For some weeks past the clergy of St. Patrick's have been almost exclusively engaged in preparing the children, and the piety and recollection with which they assisted at the divine mysteries must have afforded consolation to the zealous pastors who have so arduously labored to inspire them with proper dispositions.

In the Congregation Nunnery a solemn and most interesting ceremony also took place this morning. Five young ladies made their religious profession. Two received the cross and took their final vows, and the three others assumed the holy habit. The latter took in religion the names of St. Edward (Miss Teresa McCormick), St. Eugenie (Miss Kate Donovan), and St. Caroline (Miss Cordelia Baby). His Lordship, Bishop Farrell of Hamilton, presided at the altar, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Rousseau and Granjon of the Seminary St. Sulpice. In the sanctuary were two Franciscan Fathers in the brown habit of their Order. These gentlemen are at present collecting for their Convent, situate in some one of your western dioceses. They walk the streets day after day without any covering on their heads, a thing very unusual even in Montreal, and I assure you their appearance makes quite a sensation.

HIBERNICA.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, May 7, 1858.

Owing to absence in the country for the last two weeks, I have not been able to write a line for the TABLET. In fact, the political news current is of little importance to the general reader since the passage of the amended Kansas bill, and the local items are still less interesting.

As this city is, however, the focus of political power and party management to which the eyes of the nation necessarily turn occasionally, as the polar star of their hopes and fears for the perpetuity of the Union, it may not be amiss from time to time to notice whatever has a tendency either to weaken or strengthen our attachment to it, and hence to enable us to see clearly where we stand.

For the first part of Mr. Buchanan's administration, till towards the assembling of the present Congress, few or none that had ever preceded it were more popular, and no President of the Republic, perhaps, had more or warmer friends among all classes and parties. Mr. Buchanan came into power as the representative of a great principle—that of the right of the people to make their own laws, and on this platform he stood solemnly pledged to the Democratic party, and upon this ground claimed its honest and united support. There was then no wavering on either side, so far as the great principle of "popular sovereignty" was concerned, between Mr. Buchanan and the great mass of his political supporters, if we except a small fraction of ultras at the South, who look to Senator Hunter as their leader. This little knot of malcontents showed an early and unreserved hostility to the Administration on the freedom with which it had spoken out in favor of this principle at Cincinnati, as well as in the Kansas Nebraska Act; and, as a consequence, Mr. Hunter kept back and became dumb for some time—no one but himself and his followers knowing what policy he intended to pursue towards the Administration. An event, however, occurred, which brought him out. A series of resolutions was drawn up in this city last October by J. T. Harris, Esq., of Buckingham County, Va., from which I quote among many of a similar character, the following one bearing on this question:

"Resolved, *That Kansas, in forming her Constitution, ought to submit the same to the bona fide inhabitants thereof, for adoption or rejection, and the failure to do so is in violation of the spirit and letter of the act creating her Territorial Government, and ought to be returned by Congress to the residents of Kansas for endorsement.*"

This remarkable resolve, with eight others, one of which referred to Mr. Hunter's course in a special manner and which brought him out, all equally strong, bearing upon this vital question, was submitted to the President and Cabinet at the time they were written, and met their decided approval; and Mr. Harris, the next day, was requested by (I learn) the Secretary of War, to go back to Rockingham County, call a public meeting, and have the whole series adopted there, which was accordingly done on the 19th of October, 1857. Thus, up to that time, the administration stood upon as broad, if not broader, ground on this question than either Judge Douglas or Governor Wise, for they knew well that in doing so they represented but truly the views of their constituents.

What, then, brought about the change that has since occurred in their views on this subject? That is a problem which it is not so easy to solve. One thing we know, Mr. Buchanan was anxious to preserve the South in support of his measures, and thought in giving way to their peculiar notions on slavery, and the admission of slave States, he would not lose many of his political friends at the North. But in this he was mistaken, if we may judge by the result of the Philadelphia election of last Tuesday.

The clamor kept up from time to time about dissolving the Union, if the South does not get everything she wants, is but the cry of "wolf, wolf," when there is no wolf. There may be some scattered few in that quarter who dream of such an eventuality, but they *are* few and far between. The almost totality of the Southern people are lovers of the Union, and will uphold it at all hazards.

The sudden death of ex-Senator Evans, of Maine, this morning, caused both Houses to adjourn over till to-morrow. He was in perfect health at 10 o'clock last evening. Verily, in the midst of life we are in death.

The appropriations for the present fiscal year having run out, and the Deficiency bill not having yet become a law, the laborers and mechanics on most of the public works are thrown out of employment. By the close of the month they will be taken on, as Congress will mature that and the general appropriation bill for the next year.

SIGMA.

ACADEMY OF THE VISITATION, BROOKLYN.

We publish the following letter with pleasure, and take this opportunity to call the attention of Convents, Schools and Academies in want of Pianos, to Mr. Lynch's advertisement in our columns:

We have used Mr. P. Lynch's pianos ever since our establishment in this city, three years since, and have found them as serviceable and durable as any used in our Institution in Baltimore of more than 15 years existence. They are durable, keep in tune and are very fine toned. We are happy to recommend them as having given us entire satisfaction.

THE SISTERS OF THE VISITATION.

April 26th, 1858.

NEW PAPERS.—We have received the first number of the *Guardian*, a Catholic paper published in Louisville, Kentucky, under the auspices of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The cause it advocates merits universal sympathy.

The first and second numbers of the *Examiner*, the prospectus of which we adverted to in a late number, have also reached us.

The *Irish Standard*, published in Peoria, (Ill.) is also represented on our table by its maiden number.

Easter Collection in Brooklyn for the CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM, *received by the Treasurer.*

St. James' Cathedral	$308 17
St. Paul's	278 38
St. Charles Borromeo	202 16
Star of the Sea	194 76
SS. Peter and Paul	150 00
St. Patrick's	148 90
Assumption	141 03
St. Joseph's	107 00
St. John's	40 00
Visitation	38 31
St. Boniface	10 00
	$1,568 71

MICHAEL KEVIN, *Treasurer.*

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Travelling Agents.

Our Travelling Agent, Mr. D. O'Sullivan, is now collecting and canvassing for the TABLET in Rochester and adjacent towns. He has bills for all indebted to us.

Mr. James Doyle, is now travelling through Massachusetts. He is fully authorized to act as Agent for the TABLET.

Our Travelling Agent, Mr. James Doyle, will call on those indebted to us in Milford, Hopkinton, Marlboro, Framingham, Fitchburg, Watertown, and Waltham, Mass. He has bills for all indebted to the TABLET in the above towns. We hope our subscribers will be prepared to settle up.

NOTICE TO PERSONS GETTING UP CLUBS.—Clubs in all cases *must* be sent to one address, unless each Subscriber pay 20 cents extra, for which we will write his name on the paper. Large Clubs of 10, 20, or 50, can have the paper sent in two or more packages, directed to as many different persons, for distribution at club prices.

Mr. Eugene Coleman, Bookseller, 27 1-2 Madison street, New York, is duly authorized to solicit subscribers and advertisements for the TABLET.

We are happy to inform our friends in Lockport, N. Y., that Mr. John Cooper has consented to act as Agent for the TABLET. We have no doubt but that Mr. Cooper will extend its circulation considerably.

Mr. T. F. Lee, *alias* Leahy, who canvassed for the TABLET last summer in Massachusetts, is no longer authorized to act as our Agent.

The NEW YORK TABLET and *Metropolitan Magazine* only Four Dollars per year, payable in advance.

The NEW YORK TABLET and *Brownson's Review* only Five Dollars per year, payable in advance.

Mr. Thomas Connor, Undertaker, has removed from his old stand to No. 372 Third Avenue, where hearses and coaches can always be had.

Literature.

ADELE; A Tale. By JULIA KAVANAGH. *New York: D. Appleton & Company*, 346 *and* 348 *Broadway.* 1858.

The novels of the authoress of *Adele* if they are not remarkable for any great vividness of imagination, breath of coloring, or depth of insight into human character, are at least free from that poisonous pruriency which marks the pages of but too many of the novel writers of the day. Her stories are pleasant fictions, conceived with a moral design and executed in a chaste and agreeable if not strikingly original style. Miss Kavanagh's manner, while it blends some of the distinctive qualities of both masculine and feminine composition, lacks the higher characteristics of each. It wants the force and breadth which usually mark the productions of the masculine pen, as well as that delicacy of treatment, that almost microscopic analysis of sentiment and that marvellous exactitude of detail which characterize the contributions of the fair sex to the treasury of fictive lore. Hence it is that her creations are rarely brought out in relief but are in general only vaguely traced. If we compare *Adele* with Miss Kavanagh's previous compositions, we find it inferior in many points to her "Madeline" or to "Grace Lee," while at the same time we must acknowledge its superiority to "Daisy Burns" and "Rachel Gray."

After the first chapter, the scene of which is laid in England, Miss Kavanagh transports us to France where the rest of the story is developed. The "International" novel is one of the consequences—and not the worst—of the Anglo-French alliance. The *dramatis personæ* are composed of both French and English characters. Among the latter is the hero himself, a calm, patient, suffering and common-sense gentleman, his intriguing and terrible lady stepmother, his step-brother and two step-sisters, representing scoundrelism, pride and petulancy. Among the French personages are the heroine, a mixture of goodness, innocence and wildness, her cousin, an aristocratic French lady of the old noblesse, the Capitaine Joseph, a fair specimen of a certain phase of French youth, and Monsieur Morel, the greatest ruffian of the book. The two French servants, Jean and Jeannette, who have been coquetting for fifty years, are pleasingly drawn. The plot of the story is not deeply laid, the book being mainly made up of dialogues in which the principal characters generally take part.

The pages of *Adele* are free from prejudice, and we would wish that all the novels issued by the various publishing houses here and elsewhere were as unobjectionable.

THE FRENCH TEACHER. A Right System of Teaching French. By E. C. DUBOIS. *New York: Published by the Author.* 1858.

Every book published with a view to facilitate the learning of a foreign language claims to present features not given by any of its predecessors. The pretension, though it may seem exorbitant, is not entirely without foundation. As each grammarian's taste inclines him to some particular department of the art of speaking and writing, so in his works those departments are developed to the prejudice of others. M. Dubois' work contains much that previous works did not contain, and lacks some of what they did contain. Both M. Dubois' work and its predecessors are unsatisfactory on some points. In fact we have never seen an English-French "method" or "system" in which the employment of the tenses was properly explained. For that explanation and for many others the learner, after going through all the systems from Cobbett to Ollendorff, has to consult the French grammarians in their native tongue.

OUR RUSSIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 2d, 1858.

I wrote you a week since, giving you some account of my first impressions of this great city. Since then I have visited the celebrated Winter Palace, and the Hermitage which joins it, and which was built by Catherine at an almost incredible expense. It far exceeds, in point of barbaric pomp, anything I have seen in Europe. The entrance is supported by eight colossal male figures, cut in black granite and polished. You enter, and after laying aside your coat and overshoes, are allowed to go through the galleries, provided you are in full dress, *i. e.*, black coat and pants. The walls, instead of being plastered, are all polished marble of various colors, and when you think that it is a mile or two through the various rooms, and all the marble was brought from Italy, you can form some idea of the cost. In the second story are the gardens under glass, where, in the depth of winter, you find trees and flowers. The gallery of paintings are magnificent, and all arranged after the different schools; the collection of coins is the finest in the world, some dating back beyond the Christian era. There are also exquisite ornaments in gold, found in some of the old tombs in the Crimea, far excelling the modern, and some of the gold crowns of laurel which were the prizes at the Olympic games. Many of the rooms have columns of jasper and malachite, and all have vases of lazuli and other precious marbles of an extraordinary size. The most interesting room is that of Peter the Great; all his tools and the evidences of his industry, his chairs, a life-size wax figure in his own clothes, canes, swords, and the skin (stuffed) of his war horse. I sat down in his chair. In the same room are some magnificent bouquets of diamonds and other jewels, each one of which would be a fortune. My eyes were dazzled by the display.

Last Sunday was the Easter Sunday of the Russian Church. I went to Midnight Mass in the great Cathedral, and was placed next the altar through the kindness of Mr. Bodisco. The services commenced exactly at twelve o'clock by a procession of priests, all round the Church outside; they were gorgeously dressed, and covered with jewels. Every one in Church held a lighted wax taper in his hand. The officers were all in full uniform, and the ladies dressed as if for a ball, in white, without bonnets. The effect was very fine; the service consists principally of bowing and crossing, a man never stops short of three crosses and prostrations. The music was all sung by male voices, harmonizing to perfection and very effective. At a certain time in the service the High Priest says: *Christos Vosgris* (Christ is risen), to which the whole people reply—"He is risen indeed." Then commences a round of kissing throughout the church; the men kiss each other, and ladies perform the same operation among themselves. Discharges of artillery take place, the bells are ringing, and the whole city is informed that Lent is over. This kissing mania is surprising. Men meet in the street, say the words, and kiss three times. You call on your lady friends, say *Christos Vosgris*, and kiss them three times. I told you in a late letter that I would have my revenge for the embraces of my masculine friends before Easter—and I had it.

The sign of the cross is, with those people, the forerunner of every act—before eating, visiting or riding. No one ever passes a church without uncovering and making three crosses; and as every store has an image and a candle burning before it, you never enter one without uncovering. On Sunday I went to our own church at 11 o'clock, heard Mass, the music of which was performed by a magnificent orchestra. I could not but be favorably impressed with the solemnity of the service, as compared with that of the night before, and the bearing of the people; the service was the same as with us, the airs of the Preface and Pater Noster exactly alike, not a genuflexion more or less. The Greek Church has retained much of the Jewish forms and dresses. The Blessed Virgin you find in all the churches, and her portrait is sometimes enriched with diamonds and sapphires. On Saturday night I had a close view of one of the celebrated pictures, said to be the one by St. Luke. In the pictures of the Blessed Virgin and Child a dark tint is always given to the faces.

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THE SOCIETY OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

[*Translated from the German of the Wahrheitz-Freund for the* N. Y. TABLET.]

Besides the Central Council in Paris, which has the presidency over the entire Association of the Holy Childhood, and the Auxiliary Councils established in the different countries, there is in each diocese, in which the Association has already considerably spread, a Diocesan Council formed by the Bishops of the respective dioceses.

The Director of the Institution in each parish shall be the parish priest, or another appointed by him for this office.

The Association is divided into sections of twelve members each, the first of which, chosen by the Director, is called the Collector, or Collectress. These shall keep a manuscript of a small size, inscribed with the names of the members of their respective sections; they shall mark down in them the amount of the monthly contributions, which, on a fixed day of each month, they shall give either personally to the Director, or where Catholic schools exist, they may be given to the teacher (master or mistress), who will afterwards give them to the Director. The manner last mentioned would be preferable, as the teacher of the children would undoubtedly also become interested in the work of charity. The Director shall send the entire annual collection of the parish to the President of the Diocesan Council, who shall send the amount of the contributions of the entire diocese to the Auxiliary Council established in that country to which the diocese belongs; consequently, the entire amount of all contributions will be transmitted to the Central Council in Paris, with which the Auxiliary Councils regularly correspond.

All the above-mentioned authorities or organs of the Society are under the jurisdiction of a Cardinal in Rome, who, in the name and by the authority of the Pope, has been chosen Protector of the entire Association.

At the suggestion and with the advice of the Rev. Mr. Jammes, General Director of the Association in Paris, our Holy Father Pope Pius IX. elected in January, 1856, for the Cardinal-Protector, his Eminence the Cardinal Charles Augustus, Count of Reisack, formerly Archbishop of Munich. This worthy prelate accepted the offer with great joy, the more so as he long since evinced a great attachment and sincere interest in this Association. It has been established by him in the kingdom of Bavaria, where it has rapidly spread since and produced much fruit. It also appears remarkable and worthy of our notice, that the Founder of the Association, the Rt. Rev. Forbin Janson, Bishop of Nancy, and the first Cardinal-Protector of the same, are both called by the name of *Charles Augustus*, and both *Counts*.

The above mentioned sections of twelve members or associates each, have been arranged in that manner in order to honor our Divine Saviour's childhood, for which the first twelve years of His life are generally counted. This is also the cause of the distinction made between Members and Associates. It has, however, been deemed expedient to fix the term of the separation on the day of the first Communion, twelve years being the general term in which children are admitted to their first Communion, it being also one of the most important days of their life. Consequently, even those who have completed their twelfth year, may enter as members, whilst as associates all those can enter who have not as yet completed their 21st year. Lastly, it is to be noticed respecting the organization of the Society, that twelve separate sections form a sub-division, and twelve sub-divisions form a division, the former of which has a Treasurer, and the latter a Grand Treasurer. The cause of this arrangement will be made known hereafter. Each separate section bears a particular name, according to the years of our Divine Saviour's childhood, for example: the first section in honor of the first year of our Divine Saviour's childhood, the second in honor of the second year, &c. How beautiful does not appear this order!

(*To be continued.*)

THE McCARTHY MORE FAMILY.

[A Detroit correspondent sends us the following communication which we insert with much pleasure:]

DETROIT, Mich, May 3d, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

SIR:—The article in your last issue taken from the *Irish Literary Gazette*, headed "Wanderings by the River Lee," I read with much delight, as it brought to my memory many boyhood reminiscences. This, coupled with the historical description of Kilcrea Abbey so beautifully depicted, has, with your permission, induced me to offer a few remarks, to correct an error in that article.

It is there stated that the last descendant of the race of the house of the McCarthy of Muskerry died in Cork in 1832, and was buried in the ancestral tomb, after which it was walled up. This would make the race extinct, which is by no means the fact, though I admit it is becoming degenerate and scattered. The oldest and best known of the McCarthy race (Callaghan McCarthy) died in Cork and was buried in Kilcrea Abbey in 1842—not in the ancestral tomb, but in the family burying-ground of the McCarthys.

After the branch of the race apostatized, the rest deserted their ancestral ground, and selected another part of the Abbey, which is known to a stranger by its handsome headstone, engraved with several curious devices, now almost, I suppose, effaced, which they have inviolably retained for their own family—Catholics, and on which they pride themselves. For about the last century and a half the ancestral tomb there has not been disturbed except by a branch of the race who inherited by their apostacy the estate of Carrignavar, about four miles from Cork, the last of whom is referred to as being interred in Kilcrea in 1832. Any of your readers who knows Kilcrea Abbey well is conversant with those facts. Respectfully yours,

C. McCARTHY.

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF ARCHBISHOP FENELON.

To give a detailed account of Fenelon's generous and virtuous deeds, would be to furnish a diary of his whole life, as each day was marked with some charitable action, though many more escaped the public eye, which are recorded in the book of life. He extended his charities to every object of distress that came within his notice; for he esteemed every fellow-creature as a friend and a brother. How largely did he contribute to the sum of human happiness, from the prince to the peasant! and what heart can justly appreciate his value, but a heart blessed with similar dispositions! Of him may be said: *nihil habet fortuna tua majus quam ut possis, nec natura tua melius quam ut velis, servare quam plurimos.* To form a just idea of his character, the peasants of Cambray and Cateau-Cambrecis should be consulted. Innumerable are the anecdotes preserved among them from father to son, which can best depict the simplicity, candor, generosity and amiability of his disposition. He slept little, eat less, and took no other recreations than a walk. In his solitary walks, he would occasionally call upon the poor cottagers, sit down with them at their fireside, partake of their humble fare, assist them with spiritual and temporal consolation, and take delight in hearing the children their catechism. The old men, who in their early years had enjoyed the felicity of receiving him under their thatched roofs, have spoken of him with the greatest respect all their lives. Here, would they say to their grandchildren, pointing to a wooden chair, here did our good Archbishop sit, when he came amongst us. O! we shall never more look upon his like again. In the distresses occasioned by the ravages of war, Fenelon threw open his own palace, and hired other tenements to accommodate as many as chose to fly to him for protection. He not only maintained them at his own expense, but gave them his personal attendance. Observing one day that a young peasant eat little or nothing, the good prelate came and sat beside him, and inquired the reason of his distress. "Alas! my lord, when I escaped from my cottage, I had not time to bring away with me our cow, which maintained me, my father, wife and children. The enemy will carry her off, and I shall never get such another." Fenelon, without saying any more, left the city by means of his safe conduct, at ten o'clock at night, attended by a single domestic. He went to the cottage which was a league distant, found the cow, and brought it himself to the peasant. On another occasion as he was going up to the altar, he perceived a poor aged woman, who seemed to wish to speak to him. With his usual affability, the prelate went up to her, and asked what she wanted? Encouraged by this freedom, she presented the Archbishop with twelve sous, and desired him to say Mass for the recovery of her eyes. The Archbishop received the money, and promised to fulfil the obligation. He moreover told her, for her consolation, that her alms would be acceptable to Almighty God. Then turning to his attendant priests, he said: "Learn to honor your ministry." After Mass, he sent the poor woman a considerable alms, and promised to say a second Mass for her intention. Once, when the levying of a *don gratuit* pressed heavy on the inferior clergy of his diocese, Fenelon, to alleviate the burden, gave up 15,000 livres of his revenue. At another time when the garrison of Cambray betrayed symptoms of revolt, on account of the great arrears of payment, Fenelon sold all that he had, and distributing the money, thus suppressed the sedition. So true it is, that his charity had no other limits than the necessities of mankind. Fenelon preached in every church in his diocese. But there was no part of his holy functions in which he took greater delight, and which he thought more momentous, than instructing the rising generation. He was a friend and father to all orphans. He would quit his studies at any time to converse familiarly with little children. For them he composed easy and instructive catechisms, various pious tracts and meditations, with instructions for Confession and Communion, hearing Mass, &c., &c. To all his clergy, employed in the ministry, he recommended strict attention to see that the renewal of the baptismal vows, and the children's first Communion, be performed with the most imposing solemnity. It was a glorious sight to behold the illustrious rival of Bossuet, catechizing little children in the villages and in the different parish churches. This model of prelates expired Jan. 7, 1715, in the midst of his disconsolate flock, to which he had ever been their edification, ornament and delight.

DR. CAHILL'S LETTER.

SPOONER'S MOTION AGAINST THE ENDOWMENT OF MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

There has been no period in the modern history of England in which the opposition of party in Parliament has been carried to a more factious extent than at the present moment. In the past struggles of the House of Commons, heretofore, the contest lay between *principles* more than between *men*; it was so during the Corn Law League and the Free Trade discussions; it was the same in all the debates on foreign policy; and even in the passing of the bill, by Lord Stanley, for the suppression of the Irish Protestant Bishoprics, this rule and feeling were distinctly observable. But the late history of the British Senate affords a continual example of a different sentiment. Now it is a party rivalship for power between leaders; it is a personal struggle for political aggrandizement; it is a pecuniary effort for patronage, place, and emolument; and St. Stephen's, if this practice be not checked, may soon be considered, by the public consent, as a mere legislative exchange, where the character of the nation is offered in discount, for family or party purposes. And the whole House of Commons, in the belief of our foreign neighbors, would, under such circumstances, appear little better than one large rotten borough, where the votes were given and majorities obtained, in order to advance self-interest or to achieve a party triumph. This decidedly was not the character of ancient Whiggery or Toryism; these factions in past days, objectionable as they otherwise were, had in view the higher sentiments of the public good; and the success of a principle, more than of a member or a Cabinet, is palpably traceable through the past decisions of our national representative assemblies. Often, no doubt, a bad or unjust principle was advocated, as the Penal Laws can testify; but still it was a principle, and not a personal conflict for pecuniary consideration—one sad case only excepted, namely, the passing of the flagitious Irish Bill for the so-called union between England and Ireland.

During the last eleven years there has been an unceasing contest carried on between Lord Derby and Lord John Russell; diversified somewhat by the occasional substitution of Lord Palmerston for the Durham leader. Concomitantly, however, with these *personal* competitions the British and Irish constituencies have had their attention differently excited by unusual bitter party and sectarian discussions; in which bishops, priests, nuns, creeds were unsparingly reproached; and in which the Blessed Virgin, as a principal Popish culprit, always came in for a superabundant share of Parliamentary abuse, and of Exeter Hall slander. When the heads of a nation or of a Church set a good or an evil example, their conduct, like a river running in its course, will, in due time, make its way through all ranks and classes of that kingdom; and like the salubrious or poisoned waters of this stream, will invigorate or weaken morality or faith according to the character of the first principles thus propounded at the elevated sources of political and religious society. When, therefore, the senate house sets the example of *pure party contention*, irrespective of the public good, it lays the foundation, as the history of Europe can prove, of political party divisions through the masses of the people; and when senators can successfully demolish churches, ridicule doctrines, and disendow a priesthood, in one instance, there is no reason (from all past record) to doubt that they will not carry the same successful resistance against the national law Church, whenever the sectarian temper of the times or the straightened revenues of the State call forth their hostile Parliamentary combinations. These perpetual personal struggles for premiership tend every day, more and more, to unsettle the national political mind; while the Durham letter, the rancor of Exeter Hall, and the sectarian poison infused into the universal Protestant literature of the country, have gone far, up to this period, to push the rising generation outside the boundary of simple faith and charitable feeling, into infidel inquiry and inappeasable religious animosity. Clubs are now forming in England to remodel and totally change the present Parliamentary representation; the ballot—good news for Ireland—is the law, which, in the most extended form, can alone satisfy these advanced pupils of senatorial teaching; while the English Gospel is publicly branded in all the manufacturing towns as an antiquated deceit, a pecuniary swindle, and the very essence of hypocritical turpitude! Beyond all doubt, the seeds of a deep-seated revolution have been planted of late, through a vast section of the English people, while an undisguised incurable infidelity has effaced almost every vestige of the Christian faith from the artisan and the laboring classes. England may very soon regret the policy by which she had degraded her colonies, and by which she has attempted to extirpate Catholicity. She has created two monsters which she may yet fail to conquer; she has awakened the unsettled spirit of the reign of Charles the First; and she has evoked the religious license of the times of Cromwell. Time will tell whether this policy will protect her in coming time from domestic embarrassment, and repel an *approaching* terrific external danger.

Who, on reading the English press, is not shocked by the daily crimes of infanticide, matricide, patricide, and fratricide committed in every part of England; who, without horror, can listen to the account of fathers, mothers, grandfathers, and grandmothers cruelly murdered, ferociously butchered by the hands of their own children. And the unnatural atrociousness of the crime is even surpassed by the cold-blooded motives, and by the thrilling savagery of the weapons used in these deeds of spilling a parent's blood. Some few guineas, a few shillings, a miserable cabin, in some instances a suit of clothes, have, in this unrivalled, civilized, and reformed England, urged the son to take a father's life, the robber to slay his victim. In Ireland, when the unhappy murderer spills blood, it is generally the result of long revenge, for real or supposed social injury, or for agrarian oppression. His houseless children, his starving wife convulse him with rage, and nerve him to the awful crime; but in England the crime is committed for the sordid gain of a shilling, in cold blood. A father's throat is here cut for one pound; placing English crimes in the quality of atrocity and of motive far more heinous than any black deed in either modern India or in ancient Rome. And when it is recollected that the English people are willingly admitted to be *naturally* a generous, a benevolent race, it follows, as an essential deduction, that their brutality in the daily cases referred to is the result of their sordid worship of money; of their love of their belly above all natural feelings; and of their total ignorance of their moral responsibility of the law of God and the doctrines of Christianity.

While the Parliament House is thus agitated within with party contentions, and while murders, suicides and scandals rend the public feeling outside, Mr. Spooner is determined to add his portion of religious rancor to this confused heap of moral and political ruin; and hence he, as the exponent of one of the poles of religious rancor towards Ireland, will soon bring on his motion for the disendowment of the Maynooth College. Mr. Spooner has reduced this question of the Maynooth disendowment to something like an astronomical system. According to this theory, Mr. Spooner represents the earth having two motions; one, his diurnal motion at Exeter Hall; the other, his annual motion in the House of Commons. Besides representing the earth under the circumstances referred to, he has the peculiar philosophical character of representing Jupiter; since he has four moons revolving round him, namely, Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Culling Eardly, Mr. Drummond, and Lord Roden. Here, however, the comparison of our solar system ends, as Lord Derby, I have reason to believe, refuses to be the centre of the Spooner system. Lord Derby has more than he can do, at this moment, to keep his place against all the *personal* aspirants who surround him; he cannot, of course make the blunder of at once diminishing his friends and increasing his enemies by giving motion, light and regularity to Mr. Spooner. No, the Exeter Hall religionist will be signally defeated in the year 1858. But he will again assemble his forces and will come to the assault with additional strength. The next attempt, however, may be directed against the Established Church, and not against the Catholic College. I can assure the reader that the English people, in the aggregate, are more disposed to demolish the tithe swindle than the Maynooth grant. The Baptists, the Independents, the Methodists, and a large section of the modern Protestants are ready, actually ready under favorable circumstances, to do all that men can accomplish, to annihilate all State Endowment of all Churches. One great money panic, added to a great manufacturing panic, and these two panics producing the small leaf, and the hunger panic would disendow the Protestant Church in one Session of Parliament. But the plain, all powerful, the clear, efficient cause which in approaching time will strip the Establishment fraud "stark-naked" will be the *Ballot*. In the day on which this will be the law of England, in that hour the tithe swindle will be expelled from this country, in the midst of universal joy and unbridled execration.

It is no wonder that foreign nations say that the English people are the most incongruous race at present on this our terrestrial globe! They are the most enterprising and successful in commerce; they are the foudest of money of all mankind; they pursue gain in the thrilling snows, in the burning sands on land; and amidst tempestuous and frozen seas on the deep boundless oceans. And when they have accumulated hundreds of millions of money in their matchless industry, they give all this treasure (at a call from the Government) to fight battles with all nations; and they are content to receive in return for all this hard-earned cash (as Cobbett would say) common tanned sheep skin endorsed by the English Exchequer! It is not the Government money which pays the armies in these victories, in Persia, India, China; no, it is the money of the mercantile community in a large majority of instances; a continued addition to the unrivalled National Debt! The pepple willingly lend the money; but he is a wise man, indeed, who could tell when the nation will be repaid. What renders the English national character so singular in this respect is, that no new wars, no new demands of money can discourage them. When Lord Wellington conquered the French in Spain his expenses for some weeks were *one million sterling a week!* The late war in Persia cost England £100 000; and who can count the millions of cash and the rivers of blood which are the price of our late blunders in India and China. Yet one would think from late proceedings in London that England burns with an intense agony for a fresh rupture with France and for an accumulated increase of the enormous debt. This is the insanity which precedes national ruin; and England must beware not to allow victory over the Sepoy to mislead her in measuring the power of her former enemy, now become doubly formidable by additional resources and highly-inflamed national anger.

These considerations have reference more to the future of England than to the present time: but as certain as the tide advances and rises by insensible accumulating waves, the National Debt will yet cover and submerge the universal institutions of England. And although, during this advancing period, England may enjoy the triumphs of liberty and the repose of a fallacious wealth, within her own shores she will concede neither the one nor the other to the down-trodden people of Ireland, who are the bulwark of her present power. Such has been the virulence of English prejudice and religious rancor towards Ireland during the past ten years, I do believe that if the wisdom of the House of Lords and the threatening attitude of French sympathy did not interpose an obstacle to the bigotry of the House of Commons, they would at this moment be more disposed to enforce the penal laws against the Irish Catholic than in the reign of William the Third. D. W. C.

Thursday, April 22.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

[*From the American Agriculturist.*]

TOP DRESSING GRASS LAND.

In the grazing districts, where butter and cheese are the leading products, farmers often find it inconvenient to take up sward land as often as desirable. It is considered a debatable question whether lands naturally adapted to grass may not better be kept in good heart by top dressing, than by plowing and reseeding. Some very intelligent farmers claim that it takes many years to make a perfect sod well seeded with the best variety of grasses for the dairy, and that when this sod is once formed it should not be broken up. Of course they do not discard manuring, but apply it in the shape of top-dressing, as often as the land gives any indication of a decreasing yield of hay. They also accompany the dressing with sowing grass seed, where the sward is not sufficiently thick. In Litchfield County, Ct., they have a very ingenious and simple contrivance, combining the advantages of roller and harrow, to aid in the work of top-dressing. It is claimed that the manure benefits the land, just as it is made fine and available for the roots of the grasses. To accomplish this comminution of stable manure, they spread it upon the surface of the meadow, and go over it repeatedly with this peculiar implement. The framework is simply two large planks, such as are used for making stone boats or drags. The plank should be of the best white oak timber, two or more inches thick, two feet wide, and five or six long. Two of these are framed together in the usual way, and then the bottom is bored for harrow teeth. The teeth are made of steel, four inches long, and about an inch square. They are arranged in triangular shape, three triangles shutting into each other, and no tooth following its neighbor. It takes about forty teeth for a complete implement. This breaks all lumps in the manure very finely, and makes small furrows among the grass roots, into which the manure is pressed by the drag as it passes along. It leaves the surface much less even than the harrow, and breaks the lumps better than the roller. Grass seed is put in with this implement in the best manner. By occasional top-dressings, and scarifyings, old meadows are kept in flourishing condition. and there is no loss of the grass crop, even for a single season.

THE SWEET POTATO.

There is little difficulty in growing sweet potatoes as far north as 42 to 44 degrees, by starting the plants in hot-beds. Good tubers have been obtained even in this latitude, by planting out the common market sweet potato in the open ground, during the first part of May. It is better to start some of the plants in a hot-bed, early in April, and transplant into hills as soon as the soil is dry and warm, and the weather settled. It is now quite common for nurserymen and others to start a lot of the plants and sell them at a moderate price; and when but few are wanted, or where the early hot-bed starting has been neglected, it is safer to purchase them of those who make a business of starting them. The sweet potato generally does best on a light soil. If not of moderately good quality, add a coat of rotten manure. It is advisable to put into each hill, say half a shovelfull of well-rotted compost, or rotted manure mixed with earth. The hills should be made large, broad at the top, and rounded up well to expose the sides to warmth. They should be 1 1-2 to 2 feet in diameter, and 6 to 12 inches high. Let them be 3 to 3 1-2 feet apart, where the tubers are planted, to make room for the long vines. If only single sets are planted out, one in a place, the hills may be 2 1-2 to 3 feet apart. Transplant the sets carefully, keeping as much earth upon them as possible. Plant and water much the same as cabbage plants. The after cultivation consists simply in keeping well hoed, and the hills well banked up. The plow may be used at first, but the spreading vines will necessitate the use of the hoe only, for the second and third hoeing.

TO PREVENT AND CURE SWELLED UDDERS IN COWS.

For some time before and after the cow calves keep her in a warm dry place, and do not let the cold winds blow upon her from some window or crevice. Give her exercise in the open air, but do not let her lie down on the cold, wet ground. Clean out and change the litter twice a day. If the udder swells and becomes hard rub it regularly, several times a day, with the following ointment: Heat one quart of hog's lard in an iron kettle until it smokes pretty well, and is somewhat blackened or burned; then let it become nearly cold and stir in two-thirds of a pint of spirits of turpentine. Be careful and not add the turpentine when it is hot.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

To Purify and Beautify the Hair.—An excellent means of keeping the hair sweet, clean, glossy and curly, is to brush it with a rather hard brush dipped by the surface only in eau de Portugal ("Portugal water"). In order to have it fresh and of fine quality, take a pint of orange flower water, a pint of rose water, and half a pint of myrtle water. To these put a quarter of an ounce of distilled spirit of musk, and an ounce of spirit of ambergris. Shake the whole well together, and the water will be ready for use. Only a small quantity should be made at a time, as it does not keep long, except in moderate weather, being apt to spoil either with cold or heat.

Of the Hair.—It is a great mistake to plait the hair of children under eleven or twelve years of age. The process of plaiting more or less strains the hairs in their roots by pulling them tight; tends to deprive them of their requisite supply of nutriment; and checks their growth. The hair of girls should be cut rather short, and allowed to curl freely. When they are about eleven or twelve, the hair should be twisted into a coil, not too tight, nor tied at the end with thin thread, but with a piece of riband.

To Promote the Growth of Hair.—Mix equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, and add a few drops of oil of nutmeg. If the hair be rubbed every night with a little of this liniment, and the proportion be very gradually augmented, it will answer every purpose of increasing the growth of hair, much more effectually than can be attained by any of the boasting empirical preparations which are imposed on the credulous purchaser.

To Cure Hoarseness.—Take the whites of two eggs, and beat them with two spoonfuls of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg; then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well and drink often. Repeat the prescription if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.

Do not Shave the Head.—Shaving the head is always injurious to the hair, the bulbs being frequently destroyed by the process; and washing frequently with an alkaline preparation, such as soap and water, is decidedly objectionable, for that, as well as sea-water, is very apt to change the color of the hair.

To Prevent Hair from Falling Out.—Make a strong decoction of white-oak bark in water, and use it freely. It is best to make but little at a time, and have it fresh at least once a fortnight.

Governor Yek.—The following is an extract of a private letter, dated Canton River, Feb. 26:

"In catching Yek, we have not caught a Tartar; he is of pure Chinese blood, and rose to his high position by great mental capacity. He first attracted the notice of the Emperor by an historical book he wrote, and since that period his rise became rapid. He took the highest Chinese degree when 29 years old, and may now be called the second wrangler in the empire. He is very simple and regular in his tastes and habits; highly courteous and polite in his manners; does not drink as a general rule; never smokes opium; never appears to evince the slighest concern about his fate; is a Bhuddist; prays regularly twice a day with his head eastward; sleeps a good deal; smokes a good deal; talks little; appears much esteemed by his attendants and the higher class of Chinese; of course he is obstinate, and hates us cordially. His food is chiefly rice, ducks, pork, salted eggs, and some other curious Chinese delicacies; of course he won't eat beef. His drink is chiefly hot weak tea. He has never tasted cold water in his life, and says a drink of it would kill him. I have twice had long chats with him, through the interpreter."—*Liverpool Times.*

Slaves in the Homeric Age.—In those times, the liability to captivity would seem to have affected all men alike, independently of all distinctions whether in rank or in blood. The sons of Priam were sold into slavery like any one else; the only difference was, that in proportion to the wealth of the parents, there was a better chance of ransom. It would appear that the slaves of Homer were properly, even when not indoor, yet domestic. The women discharged the indoor and household offices; except that a few men performed strictly personal services about their masters. But the men-slaves were more largely employed out of doors in the care of flocks and herds, fields and vineyards. Thus, the slaves were in a different position apparently from the freemen, for they seem to have been gathered as servants and attendants round the rich. It would appear, however, from the case of Eumæus, who had a slave of his own, Mesaulios, that they might hold property for themselves.—*Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age.*

The murderer Stout has written a long letter in his own defence. It is a curious production,

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Bernard.—His trial.—The 9th Geo. IV.—Refuses to plead.—The Attorney-General's opening.—The evidence.—Speech of the prisoner's Counsel.—The week in the two Houses of Parliament.—The India Bill.—Mr. Maguire's Motion.—Spooner.—The Children of Catholic Soldiers.—Things in India.—The Trinity College affair.—The Prince of Wales on his travels.

LONDON, 16th April, 1858.

I need scarcely tell you that, for some time past, Bernard has been "the observed of all observers." He is, however, neither the "glass of fashion," nor the "mould of form," being rather a common-place looking person, rather below the middle height, with a not very intellectual expression of countenance, and that low, broad, and sharply retreating forehead, which characterizes all the "Revolutionists' of the "Red" school that I have as yet seen. After true bills had been found against Bernard for conspiracy the Crown changed its intention, and having abandoned that charge for the time being, a special commission, under the 9th George IV. cap. 31, s. 7., was granted to try him as an accessory before the fact to the murder of a person of the name of Battie, one of the victims of Orsini and his accomplices. As the provisions of that law may be necessary to the full understanding of the case I subjoin them in full. They enact that "if any of his Majesty's subjects shall be charged in England with any murder or manslaughter, or with being an accessory before the fact to any murder, or after the fact to any murder or manslaughter, the same being respectively committed on land out of the United Kingdom, whether within the king's dominions or without, it shall be lawful for any justice of the peace of the county or place where the person so charged shall be, to take cognizance of the offence so charged, and to proceed therein as if the same had been committed within the limits of his ordinary jurisdiction; and if any person so charged shall be committed for trial, or admitted to bail, to answer such a charge, a commission of Oyer and Terminer, under the Great Seal, shall be directed to such persons, and into such county or place, as shall be appointed by the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Keeper, or Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, for the speedy trial of any such offender; and such persons shall have full power to inquire of, hear, and determine all such offences within the county or place limited in their commission, by such good and lawful men of the said county or place as shall be returned before them for that purpose, in the same manner as if the offence had been actually committed in the said county or place."

This move on the part of the Crown has been generally considered a mistake; however, whether they had retained the old charge or not, the result, I am persuaded, will be the same; they will not be able to procure a conviction. Bernard refused to plead on the ground that the court had no jurisdiction to try him upon the indictment and a plea of "not guilty" was consequently put in for him. The prisoner did not avail himself of his privilege of being tried by a jury composed half of foreigners and half of natives, and for a very good reason: it would most probably be weakening his chance of acquittal by one-half. The statement of the Attorney-General was calm and dispassionate. The evidence, so far, clearly establishes Bernard's complicity. The bombs produced in court were identified by Georgi, the keeper of the Cafe Suisse, in Brussels, as some of those confided to him by Bernard for transportation to Brussels. The possession, by Bernard, of a twenty pound note, one of a certain amount received by Orsini at the Bank of England, was also clearly established. Mr. James, Q.C., the prisoner's principal advocate, who, at the time I am writing, has not finished his speech, seems to be perfectly conscious of the strength of this uninterrupted chain of evidence, for he has gone away from the merits of the case altogether into a violent diatribe against Napoleon III., and appealed to the national pride and prejudices of the jury. He, however, raised nine points of objection, one of which was ruled out, but the others, in the event of a conviction, would go before the fifteen judges for a decision. It is the general belief that, notwithstanding the clearness of the evidence, the jury will bring in a verdict of acquittal. If they do they will undoubtedly go beyond their sphere, for the facts alone concern them, they have nothing whatever to do with the law of the case. The "Reds" domiciled in the city fill the Central Criminal Courts daily with their fierce beards and shaggy heads, and form a striking contrast to the ladies who assemble in great numbers to listen to the trial.

Lord John Russell has got the Ministry out of a difficulty by aiding in procuring the postponement of the India Bill. On Monday, his lordship suggested that the principal features of the bill should, before the measure was drawn up, be discussed in the form of preliminary resolutions by a Committee of the whole House. This was a God-send for the Ministry, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer lost no time in announcing that, if the House thought the proposition conducive to public interests, Government would offer no opposition to such a course. Mr. Disraeli said it would be more agreeable to him if Lord John Russell himself should propose the resolutions, but if Lord John should not do so, he, the Chancellor, would not shrink from presenting them. He appointed this day week or next Monday week for the proposing of the resolutions. The Oath's Bill has been read a third time and passed in the Lower House, and Lord Campbell's Libel Bill thrown out in the Lords. Notice was given by Mr. Locke King, that on Tuesday week he would move for leave to bring in a bill for extending the franchise in the counties. The Chancellor announced that our Minister at Turin would not be recalled; in consequence of the late blunder due to his carelessness in not exercising proper watchfulness over his subordinates. The Secretary of Legation, who was guilty of the error, has been suspended, and summoned home for the purpose of explaining the affair. "Red Tape" has got into a difficulty. Sir J. Trelawney withdrew his resolution that the receipt of any species of reward by a member in consideration of the exercise of his influence in that House was a high breach of the privilege of Parliament. On Wednesday, Mr. Maguire moved the second reading of the Irish Tenants' Compensation Bill and the motion was seconded by the O'Donohue. Sir J. Walsh moved that the bill be read that day six months. The principle of the bill was supported by Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald who declared that all parties in both Houses were committed to the principle of giving compensation to the tenant. Epidemic crime in Ireland, he said, whenever it broke out was the consequence of the disturbed relations between landlord and tenant. The bill was opposed by Lord Palmerston, Mr. Hassard and Lord Naas, and supported by Mr. Caid. The debate was ultimately adjourned on motion of Mr. Deasy. Yesterday, Spooner informed the House that he would postpone the notice which stood in his name from that day week to that day fortnight. Is it necessary to state that the motion which stands in Spooner's name relates to Maynooth? Notice of motion for leave to bring in a bill abolishing the property qualification for members was given and Mr. Deasy announced that on the 4th of next month he would call the attention of the House to the expediency of providing for the children of Catholic soldiers without interference with their religious belief, and that he intended moving an address to her Majesty on the subject.

We have news of the entire occupation of Lucknow by the British forces, but in consequence of some delay in executing a movement by one of the English commanders, 50,000 of the insurgents had escaped from the city, and had directed their steps towards Rohilcund. It was feared that they would do much mischief for some time to come, and would greatly harass the British troops during the hot season. From China there is nothing either new or interesting.

The Trinity College affair wound up by the committal of a number of gentlemen to take their trial. Colonel Brown showed inexplicable emotion with regard to the affair, and said it was all his fault. He said he knew the Trinity Boys loved him. If they did they took rather a queer way of showing it. Throwing stones does not seem to be very indicative of affection.

Our young prince is enjoying himself in that portion of his "ma's" dominions called Ireland. His travelling *incognito*, when everybody knows him, is rather a good joke. However, if such things must be, why—let them be. W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Paris Congress—Enumeration of the pleasant little jobs which await it.—Bill for the relief of the sufferers by the explosion in the Rue Lepeletier.—The Wreck at Tramore.—Relief sent to the families by the Emperor.—Orsini's wife.—Medals accorded to Priests.—General Assembly of the Clergy.—The Cabin boys of the Fleet on Holy Thursday.—Holy Thursday in Madrid.—Ordination in Rome.—Catholicity in Iceland, Lapland and the Faroe Islands.

PARIS, 15th April, 1858.

The members of the Congress of Paris do not seem to be penetrated with the truth of the saying that procrastination is the thief of time. No fixed date is yet assigned for their meeting; rumor says it will not now take place before June. It may be that the amount of business they would have to transact—if they did their business—frightens them. A provincial journal draws up the following schedule of labors which are twenty in number, and as you will perceive, at least, as difficult as the famous and fabulous twelve labors of Hercules: To save the Anglo-French alliance by preventive and repressive measures against the revolutionists; to settle pacifically the affair of the Swiss *exequaturs*; to effect a reconcilliation between the governments of England and Sardinia and that of Naples, and between Sardinia and Austria; to settle the question of the Duchies, between Denmark and Germany; to effect an agreement between the great European powers as to the political and administrative union of the Danubian Principalities; to have the Treaty of Paris observed in regard to the Christians under Turkish domination; to pacify Herzegovina, Bosnia and Montenegro by saving the Christians of those countries from the brutality of the Bachi Bazouks and the Mahometan judges; to protect the Greeks from the violence of the Turks, to prevent the English Government from making Perim another Gibraltar; in spite of the English Ambassadors to get the Sultan's consent to the opening of the Suez Canal; to settle the question of the navigation of the Danube; to fix the boundaries of Russia and Turkey in Asia; to unite all the great Powers on the political and social questions which concern the peace of Europe and the internal tranquillity of each country. Diplomacy will have plenty of work—if it only does it, which we may be permitted to doubt.

A bill has been drawn up for the relief of the victims on the 14th January. The report states that one hundred and sixty persons were wounded by the explosion, of whom nine have died; five have left widows and orphans; four were bachelors, and belonged to very indigent families; thirteen persons have received wounds which have caused a permanent infirmity. A pension of 1,000 francs is to be allowed to the widows; to fathers and mothers a pension of 600 francs, to be continued to the survivor, and 600 francs to those who have been maimed for life. One of the latter, in consequence of the fearful nature of his wound, will receive a pen- of 1,000 francs.

I have been informed that his Majesty intends sending a sum to Ireland for the relief of the families of the brave Irishmen who were drowned in their noble attempt to save the lives of the persons on board the French vessel which was lately wrecked near Tramore.

Orsini's wife, with her children, has left this city for London. Mme. Orsini's opinions are altogether opposed to those of her late husband, and she was long separated from him, and had no relations whatsoever with him.

The editor of the *Progres* of Chambery (Savoy) has been condemned to six hundred francs fine, two months imprisonment and costs, for having published in his paper an article insulting to his Majesty, the Emperor. The Director of the *Pensiero* are summoned to appear before the Royal Court of Appeals at Nice for the same offence. He has already been sentenced to a fine of 200 livres and a fortnight's imprisonment, by the provincial Court of Oneglia.

An Imperial decree of the 21st of last month has allotted medals of honor to seven priests, members of societies for mutual assistance. Abbe Borel, cure of the Maison Blanche, near Paris received a golden medal, the seven other clergymen received bronze medals.

The General Assembly of the Clergy of Paris for the examination of cases of conscience will be held on the 21st inst.

On Holy Thursday morning the cabin boys of four vessels of the squadron at Brest, nearly one hundred and fifty in number, accompanied by the almoners of the different vessels, received Holy Communion in the Chapelle de la Marine.

I find in a letter from Madrid some interesting details of the religious ceremonies which took place in that city on Holy Thursday. The Queen and King Consort, accompanied by the ladies of honor, the dignitaries connected with the palace and several of the nobility, washed the feet of twenty-four poor persons in the Grand Saloon. This custom exists in Spain since the reign of Ferdinand III. in 1242. Her Majesty visited, on foot, seven churches. She was accompanied by the before-mentioned functionaries, the Captains-General of the Army, the Ministers, &c. Monsignor Barili, the Papal Nuncio, officiated pontifically in the Royal Chapel. At the moment of the Adoration of the Cross, her Majesty, according to the annual custom, pardoned several convicts who were under sentence of death.

The Abbe de Cornullier, cousin of the Count de Goyon, the French Ambassador, was ordained in the Basilica of Saint John de Lateran on Holy Saturday.

A letter in the *Univers* gives pleasing intelligence of the Rev. Pere Jurskowsky, the Apostolic Prefect of the Arctic regions, who left this city two years since for his diocese in the icy north. The writer says the population of Iceland has the greatest sympathy for the Catholic missionaries. The Literary Society of Iceland, of which the King of Denmark is President, gave a striking proof of this in unanimously admitting, on the 19th of last December, the Apostolical Prefect as one of its members. The Faroe Islands have two missionaries since October, and two others have recently set out for Greenland. In Lapland there is already a completely organized and flourishing parish. The missionaries found in that country a church in the style of the XIIth century, ornamented with more than thirty statues of saints, and having its confessionals in a perfect state of preservation.

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CITY NEWS.

HIS EXCELLENCY MOHAMMED PACHA IN A "NORMAL" SCHOOL.—The Turkish Admiral Mohammed Pacha is in town again from Washington, and endeavors to kill time by visiting some of the public schools. On Saturday he visited the Normal School, at the corner of Elm and Grand streets, on which occasion the conductors of that institution assembled 500 female teachers in the large hall of the building, in order to receive the "illustrious stranger" with becoming honors. The young ladies took this opportunity of displaying their musical proficiency by executing "Old Hundred." His Excellency showed his politeness by not wincing during the performance. We doubt that this "manifestation" was in the very best taste.

RESTITUTION.—On Thursday, the 6th inst., the N. Y. Equitable Insurance Company of this city received the sum of $4,112 22, through the Rev. Father John Larkin, S.J., of St. Francis Xavier's Church, in West 16th street. The money was, of course, derived from parties unknown to the managers of the Insurance Company. This is not the only instance of a similar nature we have to record, for a few days previous to the above date, the Rev. Father Quinn, of St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, handed over a considerable sum to parties from whom the same had been unjustly detained.

GIVING MONEY TO A CHILD.—On Thursday of last week a gentleman residing in 35th street gave a $20 bill to a boy seven years old in order to get change. The child did not succeed in getting the change, and was on the point of returning back when a man, having with him a Newfoundland dog, met him, and offered to change the bill. The boy handed him the money, and the fellow immediately decamped with it, and has not, thus far, been heard of.

FALLING OFF.—Emigration to this port from Europe is falling off to an amazing extent. From last New Year's to the 28th of April the whole number of passengers which arrived here amounted but to 10,879, while to the same date last year we had over 35,000 arrivals. Of course this immense falling off is to be attributed to the discouraging accounts sent by parties from this continent to their friends in Europe.

CONFIRMATION.—The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Francis Xavier's Church, West Sixteenth street, on Thursday, the 27th inst. Confirmation will also be administered in St. Andrew's Church, Duane street, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Father Curran, on Sunday, the 30th of May.

The Mock Auction establishments are now each honored with the attendance of an officer, or two, in front of their places, warning strangers not to enter. The auctioneers find great difficulty in selling in consequence. Attempts have been made to bribe the officers, in several instances. The auctioneers threaten to have the Mayor's right to interfere with their business tested in the courts of law. Very probably they will carry their threats into effect.

Eleven hundred barrels of flour arrived in this city from Oswego, on Friday last. This was the first flour received from that place this year.

A number of unsold Lamas imported here some time ago were sent to England last week. Importing Lamas proved a losing speculation.

The City Inspector estimates the population of this metropolis at present at 812,000. We apprehend these figures are nearly correct.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Meeting of the Irish Bishops.—A meeting of the Irish Bishops was held at the Metropolitan Presbytery, principally in reference to the recent unpleasant occurrence at the Irish College in Paris. There were present the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin; the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh; the Most Rev. Dr. M Hale, Archbishop of Tuam; the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel; the Right Rev. Dr. M'Nally, Bishop of Clogher; the Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Bishop of Meath; the Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, Bishop of Down and Connor; the Right Rev. Dr. Feeny, Bishop of Killala; Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Ossory; Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry; and the Right Rev. Dr. Kane, Bishop of Cloyne. After a careful consideration of all the circumstances of the case, it was deemed advisable to defer any definite action till the matter would be laid before the whole body of the Irish Prelacy, and a general meeting will be held for that and other purposes in June next. The unpleasant feeling created within the College is so great that a vacation has been decreed in order to allow the irritation produced by the events we allude to to subside. —*Dublin Tablet.*

New Catholic Church, Ringsend.—The laying of the first stone of a new Catholic Church in the marine village of Ringsend took place lately. The plot of ground on which the new church is to be erected is the best situation in Ringsend for the purpose. It adjoins the bridge, and is 174 feet by 106. There are on it two buildings, in one of which the Very Rev. Dr. O'Connell, P.P., has already established an evening school. The other building is used as a presbytery, and there is also established in it a female Sunday school, well attended, and taught by the Sisters of Charity from Sandymount.

The new Catholic Church at Alderney was opened and blessed, with becoming solemnity, on Easter Sunday, by the excellent priest of that mission, the Rev. P. H. Vandevoorde, who had been authorized to perform the solemn rite by the Bishop of the diocese. In the morning and afternnoon the Church was crowded by an eager congregation, hundreds of whom had been, until then, debarred from assisting at the holy Sacrifice of the Mass on Sundays, owing to the scanty accommodation which the small room in the priest's house, fitted up as a temporary chapel, afforded.

The edifying ceremony of the reception of a Sister took place at the Convent of Grenane, near Clonmel. The Very Rev. Dr. Burke, P.P., V. G., in the absence of the Lord Bishop of the diocese, presided, assisted by several of the clergy of the district. The name of the young lady who was received is Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Joseph Mulcahy, Esq., of Marlfield, and neice of the Rev. P. Cuddihy, P.P., Milford (Mass).—*Tipperary Examiner.*

At the Convent, Laurel Hill, an Office and High Mass was celebrated for the repose of the soul of the Superioress-General, who died lately in Paris. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Ryan presided; the Rev Mr. Bourke, Celebrant; the Rev. Mr. Hickie, Deacon; and Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Sub-Deacon. About twenty other Clergymen of the city and neighborhood attended.—*Limerick Reporter.*

The interesting and imposing ceremony of profession took place at the Convent of Mercy, Charleville, recently. The ladies who made their profession were—Miss Nagle, (Sister of E. P. Nagle Esq., C.E., of this city,) and Miss Keating, (niece of the Rev. Stephen Lonergan, P.P., of Tubrid, Cahir.) In the absence of the Right Rev. Dr. Kane, Bishop of Cloyne, the Very Rev. Dr. Croke, V.G., officiated.—*Ibid.*

The Catholic parishioners of Adare presented to the justly venerated Curate of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Cregan, a chalice, a splendid bound missal, and a purse containing 100 sovereigns, as a taken of their sincere and lasting affection as their Pastor and their friend, as also of their respect for him as a Christian gentleman.

The building of the new convent and schools at Macroom is progressing rapidly, and will be completed within twelve months. The situation is airy and healthy, being on a hill at the south side of the parish chapel, and it commands an extensive and diversified view of the country around.—*Cork Examiner.*

The twelfth volume of Ecclesiastical History, from the commencement of the world to the Pontificate of Pius IX., has just appeared in Paris, and is highly lauded. The publisher is the Abbe Migne.

The number of pilgrims at Jerusalem this Easter has never yet been surpassed. Nearly the entire Christian world, in the east as well as in the west, is represented at the Holy Places.

The Bishop of Bayeux and Liseux has addressed a circular to the Clergy of his diocese on the education question, in which all the French Bishops take the deepest interest.

The Roman correspondent of the *Univers* of the 20th April announces the conversion and reception into the Catholic Church of the Armenian schismatic Bishop Nicola.

The Rev. Mr. Quaid, P.P., Callaghan's Mills, county Clare, gratefully acknowledges the receipt of £20 from Henry O'Shea, Esq., as his donation towards finishing Oatfield Chapel.

The Right Rev. Dr. Kane, Bishop of Cloyne, has subscribed five hundred pounds towards the erection of the new church, Queenstown.

The *Cologne Gazette* announces that the celebrated pianist Liszt was solemnly received into the order of Franciscans at Pasth.

The good Monks of St. Bernard are at present in Limerick soliciting subscriptions, and, we are happy to say, successful.

Domestic.

Meeting of the Provincial Council of Baltimore.—On Sunday, the 2d inst., the Ninth Council of the Province of Baltimore was opened in the Metropolitan Church of this city. The evening previous, at 6 o'clock, the bells of the various Catholic churches were rung to announce its approaching commencement. About the same hour, the first convocation of the attending prelates was held in the archiepiscopal residence for the purpose of making the preliminary arrangement, and of selecting the officers usually appointed on such occasions. At 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, the Prelates, Superiors of religious societies, and Divines, together with a great number of clergymen from the city and other parts of the province, assembled at the Archbishop's house. A procession was there formed for the purpose of moving to the Cathedral. It was composed of sanctuary boys, ecclesiastical students from the seminary of St. Sulpice, priests according to priority, the chosen theologians, heads of religious communities, suffragan Bishops, and finally, the Most Rev. Metropolitan and his official attendants. Each was appropriately vested according to his ecclesiastical rank. The procession passed round the southern part of the Cathedral enclosure, over a beautiful green coat of grass, until it reached the front door of the church. The long-drawn line of the clergy, the pleasing variety of costume, and the continued singing of canticles and psalms, all made a favorable and deep impression on the vast multitude of faithful who had gathered there to witness it. Immediately after reaching the sanctuary, the Archbishop assumed the pontifical vestments, and commenced a Mass of the Holy Ghost. Very Rev. H. B. Coskery, V. G., was assistant priest; Rev. Stanislaus Ferte was master of ceremonies. Beethoven's Grand Mass was sung by the choir in a most admirable manner, and with great power and effect. Rt. Rev. Dr. McGill was the preacher selected for the occasion. His subject, very properly, was the *Authority of the Church.* For one hour and a half he commanded the attention of his audience by the clear and masterly manner in which he conducted his argument. The Most Reverend Archbishop laid aside the vestments of Mass, and clothed with red cope, and bearing the Pastoral Staff, approached the altar, and with his attendants knelt there while the Antiphon "Exaudi" was intoned. After the singing of the 68th Psalm, the Metropolitan recited the usual prayers. Then the Litany of the Saints was sung and the prescribed prayer and Gospel. All now kneeling, joined in the invocation of the Holy Ghost in the usual hymn of the Church; and then the Metropolitan addressed the regular allocution to the assembled Council. After this, the Prelates of the Province renewed the solemn Profession of Faith. The officers of the Council were then announced publicly; and the Most Rev. Archbishop having given the Pontifical Benediction, the first public session closed. The private meetings of the Prelates for the transaction of business commenced at 9 o'clock Monday morning in the Library of the Archiepiscopal residence. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore presides as Metropolitan at the Conferences of the Bishops. The results of the deliberations of the Bishops will appear in the decrees to be published at the close of the Council. Executive business is also considered in the private sessions, relating to the nomination of Bishops and the election of new Sees. We understand that all the Sees of this province are now filled, and it is not contemplated to create any new diocese. In the afternoon at four o'clock, the public congregations of the Council met in the Cathedral with closed doors. These were attended by the prelates and officials together with the theologians. All the questions to be decided by the Bishops are considered at these public meetings. The clergy are invited to express their views with perfect liberty, and to submit such suggestions as their learning and experience enable them to offer. A second public session was held on Thursday. There was a solemn High Mass offered up for the repose of the souls of the deceased Prelates of the Province. All the clergy assembled at the Archbishop's residence, and at 10 o'clock proceeded to the Cathedral, where divine service commenced. Right Rev. Bishop Verot celebrated the Mass; Rev. Benedict Madeore was assistant priest. The sermon on the occasion was delivered by the Rev. Edward J. Sourin, S.J., who, for about half an hour, entertained the faithful on the subject of *The Church as the Kingdom of God.* The sermon, and the service for the departed Bishops being ended, the second public session was opened and conducted with the usual ceremonies.—*Abridged from the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

A New Church.—The 2d of May was a great day in Wilmington, Del. The ceremony of blessing the corner stone of St. Mary's, a new Catholic Church, the second in the city, and the sixth in the State, drew together an immense concourse of people. A platform had been erected for the accommodation of the attending clergymen, viz.: the Rev. N. J. A. O'Brien, from Philadelphia, the Rev. P. Rielly, the Rev. E. Stenzel, the Rev. P. Prendergast, the Rev. R. Kenahan, and the Rev. J. Walsh of Brandywine. The Rev. N. J. A. O'Brien of Philadelphia addressed the assemblage in very eloquent terms. When the ceremony was over the multitude departed. No one present could fail to have been gratified with all that he had seen and heard.

Imposing Catholic Ceremony in Newark.—The consecration of St. John's Catholic Church in Newark, N. J., took place on the 6th inst., with very imposing ceremonies, such as rarely occur in this coustry. The ceremony commenced by the Bishop of Newark (Right Rev. J. R. Bayley) being the consecrator, Rev. Mr. Beaudevin deacon, Mr. Young sub-deacon, and Rev. Mr. McQuaid master of ceremonies. The services occupied the entire morning. A procession was formed in the sacristy by the clergy, including, besides those already mentioned, Very Rev. P. Moran, the Vicar General, under whose pastoral charge the church has reached its present prosperous condition, and many priests from the churches of Newark and vicinity, as well as from New York and Brooklyn; they were preceded by acolytes, bearing lighted torches; and moving down the main aisle to the front door, they recited, in the porch, the Litany of the Saints. The procession then passed out of the door, and moved around the church three times. The bishop standing outside the door, sprinkled it with holy water to bless it, at each circuit of the procession, and knocked with his crozier three times (symbolical of the Trinity) for admission. The third time the door opened, and the bishop entered, followed by the procession. Ashes being spread in the form of an Alexandrian cross in the middle of the aisle, the bishop proceeded to write the alphabet, the chanters meanwhile singing an antiphon. The procession afterward reformed, the acolytes leading, followed by Rev. Mr. Moran, bearing the relics of the Saints, and by the bishop and clergy, again passed around the Church chanting antiphons. On re-entering, the relics were placed in the receptacle previously prepared in the altar, and after sealing them up, the altar was consecrated by the bishop, who then visited the small crosses placed upon the walls of the Church, surmounted by lighted candles, and consecrated each, anointing them with oil, the chanters meanwhile following round chanting. During the ceremony no one was admitted to the Church except those who officiated, but a large collection of people were gathered in the street in front. The doors were finally opened about one o'clock, when the building was rapidly filled, and the ceremony of Pontifical High Mass was performed, including a sermon by Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes. Among the clergy present were Right Rev. Dr. McCluskey, Bishop of Albany; Right Rev. J. Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. Pease, of Brooklyn; Rev. Father Curran, of New York, and a very large number of the clergy of the dioceses of Newark, New York and Brooklyn.

School of the Sisters of Charity.—The young pupils of the Sisters of Charity welcomed home the Bishop, to whom, as the founder and patron of this school, they are so deeply indebted, in a manner at once the most suitable and most pleasing. The large room of the Temperance Hall, where 300 girls daily receive the benefits of a superior education, was tastefully fitted up with banners, &c., for the occasion. The children, arranged mostly in white, and wearing garlands, &c., and many of them bearing bannerets, presented a most interesting spectacle. When the Bishop had taken his seat, three children advanced, and one read an appropriate address in a manner that reflected great credit on the teachers, and another presented a beautiful bouquet. Then a choir of some 40 or 50 sang "Home Again," and several hymns and songs in unison very sweetly. Recitation followed, and then some of the older girls performed "Fabiola," a little religious drama, the dialogue of which is taken from Cardinal Wiseman's book of the same name. This was followed by other hymns and songs, and at the close the Bishop addressed the children in a few kind words, and gave them his blessing. Several hundred visitors were present, and were all highly pleased.—*Morning Freeman, St. Johns, N. B.*

Episcopal Visitation.—On Thursday, the 8th April, the Most Rev. Archbishop gave Confirmation, in the Parish of St. John Baptist, to 86 persons. On the 11th he performed the Solemn Benediction of the Parochial Church of the parish of Assumption, and gave Confirmation, in the same, to 50 persons. This Church is a large and handsome brick building, and is highly creditable to the architect and the zealous Catholics who have aided in its erection. At the evening service of the same day, the Archbishop performed the Solemn Benediction of the Church of St. Elizabeth, at Paincourtville, in the same parish, and gave Confirmation to 95 persons. On the 13th he visited the Church at the Canal, in the same parish, and confirmed 50 persons; and on the 18th confirmed 28 persons in the Church of St. Michel.—*New Orleans Catholic Standard.*

Buffalo Diocese.—We take the following from the recent address of the Right Rev. Dr. Timon preparatory to his leaving for Rome: "Urgent business of great importance to the Church and to this Diocese calls me to Europe; however, through the merciful Providence of God, and the efficacy of your prayers, I hope to return speedily with many spiritual blessings for our beloved flock. During our absence, we have named the Very Rev. F. O'Farrell our Vicar General, and the Very Rev. F. X. Krautbauer, Pro Vicar General for the Germans, as administrators of the Diocese during our absence; and, as heretofore for the Bishop, so now for the Administration, the above Very Rev. Gentleman, with the Rev. T. McEvoy, M. Kavanagh, Chancellor of the Diocese, and Rev. James Early, will form the Council."

Rev. Michael Dougherty, pastor of the Catholic Church at Tuscaloosa, Ala., died in that city on the 13th ult.

Columbia, S. C.—The growing Catholic population of Columbia, and the unsatisfactory condition of the sacred edifice, in which they had previously worshipped, induced the zealous clergymen who hold there the pastoral charge to repair and enlarge the building. This has been at last accomplished. The repairs and additions to the building were of such a character as to call for the re-dedication of the Church. This ceremony was accordingly performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lynch.

Accounts from Rome seem to indicate that Very Rev. Anth. Pelamourges, at present Vicar General of the diocese of Dubuque, has been appointed Bishop of St. Paul's, Minnesota. This appointment, we believe, fills up the vacancy in the American Hierarchy.—*Catholic Mirror.*

There are sixteen Catholic churches and chapels, and thirteen priests in the diocese of Savannah. There are also two convents, two female orphan asylums, one asylum for boys and seven schools. The Catholic population is estimated at about ten thousand souls.

The laying of the corner stone for the new St. Mary's Assumption Church, in New Orleans, took place on the 25th ult. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Blanc.

The mission preached lately by Rev. F. X. Weninger, S.J., in Piqua, Ohio, was eminently successful.

"Has not Removed on the First of May."—There is something substantial in the phrase that we like—a firm, standard character that awakens memories of a time when men lived in the same house for scores of years. In the present instance there is *no occasion* for a removal, the store at No. 230 Bowery having been established in 1836, by J. W. Hoyt, who retired with a fortune; and Mr. Robert McCaffrey, the present proprietor, is determined, by fair dealings, to accomplish a similar destiny. With this intention, he constantly uses his artistic skill in the invention of something new and beautiful in the boot and shoe line; always treating those who patronize him in a manner worthy of his reputation as an honest man and a gentleman. By such a course he has attained his present high position in the trade, and by following it up, he intends to increase the number of his friends. Gentlemen who are in want of well-made, fashionable boots, and ladies who require elegant gaiters or shoes, should visit his establishment at once. That is our advice to all our readers. my15 1t

A good carpet is one of those things deemed indispensable in almost every family, and it is often difficult to learn just where a reliable and desirable article—price and quality considered—can be found. We are tolerably well acquainted with carpet stores, and cheerfully commend our friends to Mr. Donnelly, 98 Bowery, N. Y. He has a beautiful store, a fresh and well assorted stock, and is disposed to sell on fair terms; indeed, his experience and business facilities enable him to compete successfully with any other house. Call and see him when you want a good carpet. ap10 1y

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Cotton—The market is easier and quiet, prices here being relatively above Liverpool quotations there is but little export demand. The sales are 1,500 bales. We quote Middling Uplands at 12½c, and New Orleans at 12¾c.

Coffee—The market for St. Domingo has been active at an advance of ¼@¾c.; 4,000 bags were taken on speculation at 9¾c., four months. Other kinds have continued steady, with fair sales of Rio.

Flour and Meal—The inquiry for Western Canal Flour is less active, prices are 5@10c. lower, and are unsettled; the inquiry is mainly for the home trade. The private advices by the steamer Europa are quite unfavorable. Shippers purchase sparingly; the better grades are comparatively firm; the sales are 9,000 bbls. at $4 05@$4 15 for common to good State; $4 25@$4 35 for extra do.; $4@$4 15 for superfine Indiana and Michigan, and lots out of condition still less; $4 30@$4 45 for common to good round-hoop Ohio extra, ordinary lots still less; $4 50@$5 50 for good to choice do.; $4 75@$6 50 for St. Louis brands, and $4 90@6 50 for extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is without important change, but closes dull and heavy. Southern Flour is a shade easier, the low grades particularly, while the better brands are well sustained, and are in fair request for the trade and the West Indies.

Fish—Dry Cod are firmer; sales of 1,000 qtls. George's Bank at $3 62½, and 1,000 do. do. handsome from second hands at $3 70, which is an extreme price; Bank are still dull and somewhat heavy and nominal. Mackerel are steady and in moderate request; sales of 200 bbls. Nos. 1 and 2 Massachusetts at $15 75 and $12 75. Herring continue languid and prices merely nominal.

Grain—The inquiry for Wheat is moderate, and the market is lower and unsettled, with little inquiry for export; the sales are 1,400 bush. White Southern at $1 15@$1 25; 900 bush. White Kentucky at $1 26@$1 28; 800 bush. White Michigan at $1 13. Rye is in moderate demand at 65@66c. Barley is heavy; sales of 2,000 bush. good State at 82c. Barley Malt is selling slowly at 70@75c. Oats are in good supply and lower, but more active; some 20,000 bush. sold at 32@38c. for Southern; 38@42c. for Jersey; 43@46c. for State.

Hay—The inquiry for shipping is fair, and the supply is good; sales of 600 bales at 40@50c. ℔ 100 lb. Straw is plenty at 35@40c.

Hides—The business is moderate; sales of 374 Southern at 14½c. cash; 246 Porto Cabello at 20c., and 1,000 Texas on private terms.

Iron—Scotch Pig is in limited request at $25@$26 by the invoice, and $26 50@$27 from yard.

Spirits—Alcohol is selling at 45@50c. American Brandy, Gin and Pure Spirits at 30@31c. ℔ gallon. New England Rum at 31@32c., all time prices.

Seeds—The demand is limited and the market is heavy for Clover Seed at 6¼@7c. Timothy Seed is in limited demand at $1 75@$2 ℔ bush. of 46@46 lb. Rough Flax Seed is selling slowly at $1 50@$1 52 ℔ bush. of 56 lb.

Sugars—The demand has been good, and holders have secured an improvement of ⅛@¼c., and for the week on Refining grades. ⅛@¼c. ℔ lb. Refined are ⅛c. better, with more disposition to buy; sales of 660 hhds. Porto Rico at 6@7¼c.; 240 hhds. New Orleans at 6@ 6¾c., and 780 hhds. Cuba at 6@6¾c.

Tobacco—Kentucky is quiet; the sales include 80 hhds. Kentucky, at 6¼@14c.; 54 cases Seed Leaf, at 8@22c.; 23 do. Florida, at 15@20c.; 69 bales Havana and 200 bales Jiguani, on private terms.

Teas—The market at private sale is a little more active, and the feeling is better.

Whiskey—The market is heavy; sales of 400 bbls. at 20½c, and small lots at 21c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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[COPY.]

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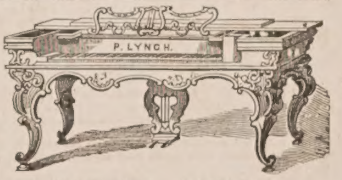

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